THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. BALFOUR'S bad blunder of last week is now recognised as a blunder by everybody, and his friends are trying to discover some method of accounting for his extraordinary mistake. Some say that he was really acting under the influence of LORD ASHBOURNE; others that his object was to make it impossible for LORD SALISBURY to dissolve next year. The real explanation is, however, very simple. We stated it in our columns last week. It is his profound ignorance of Ireland and the Irishman. "By heavens, if you Englishmen only knew us, how easy it would be for you to get your own way in Ireland!" was the exclamation uttered not long ago by a very prominent Nationalist. No doubt it is seldom possible for the people of one country thoroughly to understand the people of another; but there are degrees in ignorance, and MR. BALFOUR'S wilful ignorance of Ireland amounts to something like a scandal. Nobody disputes his cleverness; nor do we doubt that his brilliant flippancy in the House of Commons is of itself of value. But if he were a thousand times cleverer than he is, and if he had that which he undoubtedly has not—the wise and cautious temperament of the statesman—he would still be unable to rule Ireland, so long as he shuts himself up in absolute ignorance of anything concerning her, save what is to be learned from the reports of permanent officials. "The Castle" has ruined MR. BALFOUR, as it has ruined many a better man.

WE comment elsewhere upon the proceedings at Tipperary on Thursday, when the members of Parliament and other defendants appeared before MESSRS. IRWIN and SHANNON, two well-known "removable" magistrates. There was nothing, unfortunately, new in the organised violence with which the police treated the crowd of Irishmen who were anxious to show their sympathy with the prisoners; but as MR. JOHN MORLEY was present (the *Times* makes the ridiculous complaint that his presence in Ireland is calculated to intimidate the magistrates!) special interest was given to the proceedings. MR. MORLEY narrowly escaped an assault by a constable, and another member of Parliament, MR. HENRY HARRISON, was brutally maltreated. The defendants protested on most proper grounds against being tried by two magistrates who have already repeatedly come into collision both with MR. O'BRIEN and MR. DILLON, and one of whom was acting as an executive officer at one of the meetings with respect to which these gentlemen are accused. MR. FOWLER, speaking on Thursday at Lowestoft, expressed the feeling of most Englishmen when he denied that the defendants would have a fair trial before such a tribunal. It will be interesting to know what advantage the Irish Secretary hopes to gain from a conviction following a trial which is thus stigmatised from the first as unfair.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN has recently made certain statements regarding a convict named DALY, now under a sentence of penal servitude for his connection with the Birmingham dynamite plots, which demand the careful attention of the authorities. MR. O'BRIEN'S statement is that DALY was the victim of a conspiracy on the part of the police, who "planted" upon him the dynamite found in his possession. This statement he makes on the authority of MR. ALDERMAN MANTON, a well-known citizen of Birmingham. We need hardly say that the charge is so serious that the Government cannot ignore it. No more shameful crime could well be committed than that which is thus attributed to some members of the police force, and alike for their sake and for that of DALY himself, an immediate investigation should take place. It affords, by the way, a curious test of the intelligence of some advocates of the Ministerial policy that they should see in the demand that DALY'S case should be inquired into proof of secret sympathy with the infamous crimes of the dynamiters. MR. O'BRIEN'S point, of course, is that DALY, so far from being a dynamiter, is an innocent man who has been the victim of a vile plot.

MR. JACKSON has done what MR. BALFOUR will not do. He has visited those parts of Ireland which are threatened with a potato famine, in order to learn for himself the real state of things. MR. JACKSON'S report, as given to his constituents in North Leeds on Wednesday evening, was on the whole reassuring. He does not expect any intense suffering on a large scale even in the worst parts of the country. He believes that in the "congested districts" public works will be started which will prevent anything like a repetition of the famine horrors of a former period. All this is very encouraging. We must remember, however, that MR. JACKSON, whose good faith is above suspicion, naturally takes the optimist official view of the situation, and that at any moment there may be a great change for the worse in many parts of the country.

LORD SPENCER'S speech at Wakefield on Wednesday, though it is received with the usual insolent jibes from the Coercionist press, will strike most persons as being a singularly fair and dispassionate review of the situation in Ireland as it exists at present. No doubt there was little new to be said about the arrest of the Irish members, for that event is only the repetition of an old story. But LORD SPENCER did well to dwell upon the confession of weakness which is involved in MR. BALFOUR'S bad blunder. He did well, too, to point to one moral which the tale teaches. That is that we are not now likely to have an immediate dissolution.

THE meeting of the German and Austrian Emperors passed off with the most complete success, and has done much to strengthen the faith of Europe in the stability of the alliance between the two great German Powers. On the closing day of the manœuvres near Liegnitz the two Emperors interchanged complimentary speeches, and GENERAL CAPRIVI received from the Austrian monarch the Grand Cross of St. Stephen set in brilliants, a very uncommon mark of distinction. Altogether it looks as though the coldness which prevailed at the meeting of the German Emperor and the Czar had given an immense impulse to the feeling in favour of a real union among all branches of the German race. Meanwhile PRINCE BISMARCK sits at home, and watches the progress of events in which he no longer plays the leading part with unconcealed ill-temper. His latest declaration has been an expression of his

determination not to "lie down like a bear licking his paws," but to return to public life as a citizen if he cannot appear in any other part.

POOR old "perfidious England!" She has sinned once more in her "colossal egotism." Her egotism on this occasion has shown itself in her hatred of slavery, and her expressions of amazement when the news came that German officials were bent upon maintaining that institution in German Africa. It is rather sad that the journalists of Berlin and Cologne should really believe that the recent ferment in this country sprang, not from any real interest in the suppression of slavery, but from some baser motive. We had thought that our sincerity regarding the slave trade was sufficiently established to make any imputations of this kind impossible. It is satisfactory to know, however, that things are not so bad as they might have been, and that nothing very serious has been done in German East Africa in the way of bolstering up slavery. This fact, in spite of their "colossal egotism," Englishmen recognise with joy.

THE COMTE DE PARIS has felt constrained, by the recent revelations of Boulangism, to address a note to a friend in Paris on the eve of sailing for the United States. In it he professes no regret for his dealings with the wretched impostor whose secrets have now been made known to the world. "Proscribed by the Republic, I take up, in order to fight it, the arms with which it supplies me." This is all very well. It would have been natural enough on the part of a Bonapartist Pretender; but coming from the representative of the Royal House of France it is a confession that is humiliating. The COMTE DE PARIS should have been above fishing in troubled waters in this fashion. The moment that he stoops to intrigues with such creatures as those whose characters have recently been revealed to us, he loses the dignity of the character he has hitherto maintained, and becomes merely one in a crowd of pretenders and conspirators. Whatever brave words he may use now, he has struck a heavy blow at the prospects of the monarchy in France.

AN anti-slavery Congress has been held in Paris during the week under the Presidency of CARDINAL LAVIGERIE. It is suggested that its end was hastened by a hint from the Quai D'Orsay, to the effect that the delegates were meddling with some questions which belonged to the domain of diplomacy rather than to that of philanthropy. Though nothing very practical came from the consultation of the various representatives of European countries, the Conference did good work in affording proof of the solidarity of the enemies of slavery. The English delegates in particular were warmly received by the delegates from other countries, in spite of the fact that they were unable to accept some of the items of the programme with which the Conference started.

HOW is it that newspaper enterprise has lagged so far behind with regard to the great strike in Australia? Our daily newspapers spare no money and no pains in making us acquainted with all the details of a small fight in savage Africa, or a sensational incident (say, an execution by electricity) in the United States. But when Greater Britain at the other side of the world is convulsed by a labour struggle which for the moment has paralysed the trade of the Colonies, we are compelled to be content with meagre telegrams, so bare that it is impossible to found any safe judgment upon them. In a few days we shall doubtless have letters giving an account of the origin of the great war—for war it is—but it is tantalising to be left to imagine so much when we know so little. All that is reported this week, for example, is that the Government have convened a conference between employers and the Trade Unions for October 1st, and that the marine engineers at Sydney, having got their own terms from the masters, have refused to join the strikers.

WE heartily regret the adverse decision of MR. VAUGHAN—careful and capable magistrate as he is known to be—in the case of the members of the Salvation Army charged with obstructing the police the other day when going to a meeting at Exeter Hall. It seems to us that the weight of evidence was on the side of the Salvationists rather than the police; and in any case it was manifest that the very slight disturbance which took place in a narrow street leading from the Thames Embankment to the Strand, was not the result of any deliberate intention on the part of the leaders of the "Army" to disobey the police regulations, but was due to something like misadventure. MR. VAUGHAN, however, shares in the newfangled dislike of processions, and clearly holds that when the police and a procession come into collision, the presumption is altogether against the latter. We look upon this unfortunate affair as another of the evil results of the shameful day in 1887, when, under the sanction of the Home Secretary, unoffending working men were brutally assaulted by the police in the streets of London when they were seeking not to assert any new right, but to maintain one which they had possessed for many years.

THE revived rumours of Argentine difficulties, the fall in silver, the Bank failures in South Africa, and the rise in the value of money, caused a general fall in Stock Exchange securities during the first half of the week. Consols declined to 94¾, Indian sterling and rupee securities likewise fell, there was a general drop in home railway stocks, the heaviest being in Deferred Stocks, and miscellaneous all gave way. The international department was stronger than others, though it showed some weakness likewise. In American railway securities there was a slight recovery on Wednesday, due, it is said, to buying back by speculative sellers in New York, who think that now money is becoming more plentiful a recovery is likely to take place. In London, however, there is little inclination to follow the lead of New York. Speculators are closing their accounts, and investors are waiting in the hope of being able to buy more advantageously later on.

THE directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount from 4 to 5 per cent., as was generally expected. During the two previous days they had been charging 4½ per cent. for discount and 5 per cent. for loans, while the other banks and billbrokers were less inclined to do business than for a considerable time past. Rumours were in circulation, too, that a large South American house was in difficulties, while the failure of the Cape of Good Hope Bank, following so quickly on that of the Union Bank of Cape Town, disturbed the South African market. The Bank of England furthermore has been losing a good deal of gold of late. During the week ended Wednesday night more than half a million was withdrawn from it, and it is understood that considerable amounts are to be taken for South Africa, where there is a run on some of the banks, and some financial institutions find it necessary to strengthen their reserves. The weakness of the silver market, moreover, increases the generally uncomfortable feeling. The price of silver fell on Tuesday to 52d. per ounce, a fall of a penny in a single day, and it is believed that American speculators have committed themselves too deeply, and that some of them are in trouble. Silver securities declined with the fall in silver.

THE DEVIL'S WORK IN IRELAND.

WE have heard much from the friends of "law and order" of the devil's work in Ireland, and not always, alas! without reason. But there has seldom been a week in which such work has been more plainly visible than in that which closes to-day; and on this occasion it is no fanatical friend of "the Plan of Campaign," no half-crazy victim of landlord oppression, but the Chief Secretary for Ireland himself, who is directly responsible for that devil's work, the story of which, yesterday, moved all of us with a strong sense of indignation. We spoke last week of the grave and inexcusable blunder committed by Mr. Balfour in his prosecution of Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and other Irish members of Parliament. The primary cause of the blunder is, as we pointed out, Mr. Balfour's fatal ignorance of the state of the country he is supposed to govern—an ignorance which, in his case, must be regarded as almost criminal in its character. It is this wilful abstention from knowledge that has made him fall an easy victim to the pleas of the landlords, whose agent he has made himself in their struggle with their tenants. For their sake it is that he has taken a step which has strengthened enormously the popular party; which has disheartened and disgusted his own supporters in this country, and which will be felt throughout the world as an admission of his defeat in his attempt to grapple with the grave political and social disease of which Ireland is the victim. But it is not of the almost incredible political blunder which he has committed that we have to speak now. That blunder is condemned sufficiently by the half-hearted apologies of his own advocates in the press, and there is no need to waste further words upon it. That which we have now to consider is the manner in which his renewed policy of violent repression is being carried out.

The story of the incidents in connection with the appearance of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien and their fellow-defendants before the Removable Magistrates at Tipperary on Thursday must have been read yesterday with a sense of shame by most Englishmen. The temper of the police who surrounded the Court House is revealed to us in the tale of the outrages of which they were guilty. It is a tale for a parallel to which we might almost go to Poland in the worst days of the national insurrection. That the people of Tipperary should have been charged and roughly assaulted by the constabulary when they showed their interest in a case so closely touching themselves, is, of course, only what might have been expected. This is the usual manner in which, under the present *régime*, "law and order" are maintained in Ireland; and a delightful mode it is of endearing law and order to the Irish people. But on this occasion, as it happened, there were certain Englishmen of distinction in the crowd of sympathisers with Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien, and special interest is given to the black story by the manner in which they were treated by the agents of Dublin Castle. One of these Englishmen was Mr. Morley, the man who five years ago held the office which is now held by Mr. Balfour, and who in the next Parliament will certainly hold it again if he is so disposed. Mr. Morley, it seems, narrowly escaped a brutal assault from a policeman eager to show his zeal in the service of the present Chief Secretary. Now not even the most violent or the most foolish of the supporters of Mr. Balfour will believe for a moment that Mr. Morley, by word or deed, afforded any excuse to the policeman who attempted to strike him. His sole offence was that he was there as a friend of the Irish leaders. But that of itself was sufficient to justify the agents of "law and order" in assaulting him. A more valuable object lesson in the present system of governing Ireland could not possibly have been offered to us. A statesman of the highest rank, whose pacific and equable temperament is notorious, who was there doing the duty which Mr. Balfour persistently neglects to do—trying to learn for himself something of the real state of Ireland—only escaped violence at the hands of the police because at the last moment he was recognised as the man who, a few years ago, was the master of the whole Irish police force. It is not surprising, after hearing of the manner in which Mr. Morley was treated, to learn that another member of Parliament, a gentleman who, like Mr. Morley himself, was at least as incapable of breaking the law as Mr. Balfour is, did fall a victim to the ruffianism which nowadays seems to be the distinguishing characteristic of the Royal Irish Constabulary. This gentleman, Mr. Harrison, M.P., was brutally struck on the head by a policeman, and severely injured. His was not the only head broken by any means. The authorities seemingly were anxious to make a display of their power as a preliminary to the opening of the judicial farce in the Court House, and accordingly they "asserted their authority" in such a fashion that an army surgeon had to be sent for to treat their victims.

This was but the preliminary to the real performance of the day. When the people of Tipperary had by brutal violence been driven from the precincts of the Court House in which their leaders were about to be tried, without a jury and before two magistrates whose reputation is notorious throughout Ireland, the real business of the drama began. A whole batch of Members of Parliament and well-known citizens were arraigned before the magistrates on a charge of conspiracy connected with the foundation of the settlement of New Tipperary. Now, the question at issue in connection with New Tipperary is at once very simple and very complex. There cannot, even in the mind of Mr. Balfour, be any doubt as to the moral right of Mr. Smith-Barry's tenants to withdraw from his houses and to erect dwellings of their own in which to live and carry on their business. This side of the question is simplicity itself. As to the other side, the possibility that some improper influences may have been employed in order to induce the tenants to take this perfectly lawful step, it is one so difficult and complex that it cannot, under any circumstances, be settled satisfactorily without a most careful judicial inquiry before an absolutely impartial tribunal. But what is the tribunal before which the defendants in this case are arraigned? It is a tribunal composed of a couple of removable magistrates, both of whom have already, it seems, been in collision with Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien. These magistrates may be the most honourable men living; they may be absolutely incapable of swerving a hair's-breadth from the path of strict justice; in spite of their own political opinions, of their previous conflicts with the defendants, of the part they are known to have taken as the agents of Dublin Castle, they may be capable of holding the balance level between their employer, Mr. Balfour, and their political enemies, the accused. But does anybody believe that their decision will be accepted by the Irish people—or, for that matter, by the English people either—with the respect which would be inspired by the verdict of a jury, or by the decision of a superior judge, removed by years of service on the Bench from the heated atmosphere of party politics? And of what value to Mr. Balfour, or to anybody else, will be a decision against Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien and the other defendants which does not command the respect of the public? One blunder leads to another; and the moribund Ministry, which now clings to office despite the

notorious fact that it has forfeited the confidence of the nation, has followed up the blunder of arresting the Irish members at the bidding of an absentee Chief-Secretary by another still worse—that of arraigning them before a tribunal whose decision will be regarded by the majority of the people of the United Kingdom as simply another strategic movement in Mr. Balfour's campaign on behalf of Irish landlordism. We await with not a little curiosity the next step in the downward course which Ministers seem bent upon taking.

THE CRY OF THE LONDON LEASEHOLDER.

THE Select Committee on Town Holdings, which is dealing with the questions of Leasehold Enfranchisement and the Taxation of Ground Rents, is a leisurely enough body. Four sessions now has it been hearing evidence, and its final report is still delayed. But the report of a Committee dependent, as this is, upon the almost accidental selection of its members, is often of less value than the evidence which its sittings bring to light. We shall be doing little injustice to the Committee over which Mr. Lewis Fry presides with so much genial impartiality, if we suggest that the volume of evidence just distributed will carry more weight in the puzzling problems of urban taxation than anything that the Committee is likely to agree to by way of report. The experience and testimony of such experts as Sir Thomas Farrer and Professor Thorold Rogers, Mr. Charles Harrison and Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe and Mr. Chatfield Clarke, concentrate for us, in a single Blue-book, a mass of statistical and other facts which go far to bring down that airy fantasy, the "unearned increment," well into the region of practical politics.

It is, indeed, mainly this fact of "unearned increment" that stands revealed in the evidence. The interesting table put in by one of the witnesses shows how the rental value of London has grown, even since 1870 only, from £22,142,706 to £37,027,516 per annum. The law and practice under the Valuation (Metropolis) Act enable us to distinguish between the increase due to new buildings or structural alterations and that due to a mere rise in rental value. During the seventeen years under review the former class of growth, which might be termed the "building increment," amounted on an average to £549,508 annually. But the population of London increased during this same period by nearly 2 per cent. per annum, a fact which may partly account for the other increase in value, the mere rise in rent of unaltered tenements, or "unearned increment," which amounted to an average of £304,634 every year.

The capital value of this annual increase to the estate of the London landlord—an annual New Year's gift from London labour to London wealth amounting to some four and a half millions sterling—now goes practically scot-free of taxation. Not only is no special contribution claimed from the recipients of this peculiar monopoly tribute, but even the ordinary rates and taxes pass it by. Great part of it can be directly traced to such municipal enterprises as new streets, the Thames Embankment, and the freeing of the bridges; but towards the enormous cost of these improvements the recipient of the "unearned increment" contributes no single penny. When he takes his profit periodically in hard cash, as in the case of the fines or premiums for renewals on the Grosvenor and Portland estates, not even the ordinary Income Tax is levied on what becomes in these instances virtually a source of regular income.

This kindly favour is all the more inexplicable when we remember that lords of the manor are compelled to return the fines from their copyholds as part of their incomes, and that they are duly taxed, though not rated, upon their average receipts from this source.

London landlords are, indeed, in this matter of taxation of their growth in wealth, placed in the same favoured category as the Queen and the foreign ambassadors. The tax collector and the rate collector pass by their doors as if their yellow gold were the sign of the plague, and, as in some fell-stricken city, only Death knocks at their portals. Only on transfer at death does the "unearned increment" ever acknowledge any liability to taxation, and then only under the most lenient of assessments, and with every possible advantage to the fortunate heir.

The Town Holdings Committee did not extend its researches into the "unearned increment" in other urban centres, but the question is, of course, not merely Metropolitan. Leeds has doubled its population during the last thirty years, and has trebled its annual rental value. Lord Derby reaps the pecuniary benefit of any improvements made by the inhabitants of Bury and Bootle, whether individually or collectively, just as certainly as if he had paid for them himself—with much more certainty, indeed, than he would if his lordship were one of the hod-carrying labourers or brain-weary engineers by whose labour the improvements are actually executed. Lancashire increased in rental value from £10,029,967 in 1866 to 18,595,992 in 1889.

What proportion of this increase is due to the "building increment" cannot easily be ascertained, but the growth of Liverpool, for instance, has turned the sands of the Sefton estates into gold at a rate which leaves the boasted "magic of property" far behind. It does not, indeed, seem quite so certain as it once did that a system of unrestrained private ownership in the instruments of production ensures to every man the full equivalent of his own toil.

It cannot be said that this further batch of evidence on Town Holdings makes for the particular reform known as "Leasehold Enfranchisement." It is iniquitous enough that the ground landlords of the 120 square miles on which London stands should receive an ever-growing unearned tribute from London's labour. But the matter would be hardly mended by transferring this privilege from the ducal ground-lords to the comparatively small number of leaseholders for long terms. The deliberate creation of new freeholds by law is a policy now rapidly passing into oblivescence. The principle of "Betterment" is eclipsing that of "Enfranchisement."

Professor Marshall's new work on "Political Economy" emphasises the abandonment by the economists of the panacea of peasant proprietorship. Even for Ireland, the *corpus vile* of so many political experiments, the statesmen are beginning to turn their eyes in another direction. The "instruction" to the committee on the Land Purchase Bill, of which Mr. John Morley gave notice last session, was significant of the growing feeling in favour of collective rather than individual control over the land. And especially in great cities is it coming to be more and more generally felt that the ownership of their sites is better vested in public than in private hands.

London leaseholders have, indeed, many legitimate grievances; but inability to share permanently in London's unearned increment is not one of them. The tenant of agricultural land has obtained some measure of security for the improvements which his business compels him to make on the land. In

Ireland, moreover, he has secured fixity of tenure and a judicially assessed rent. The urban tenant usually enjoys none of these advantages. Whether leaseholder or not, he cedes his unexhausted improvements to his landlord, and on renewing his tenancy pays for them over again in a rise of rent. Even if he has been a tenant all his life, and his family before him, he has no legal right of renewal—not even a right of pre-emption. If he has created a business attached to the particular premises which he occupies, the landlord is able to confiscate this "goodwill" to the uttermost farthing by an extortionate premium or fine as a condition of a new lease. The whole law of "dilapidations" is a happy hunting-ground for landlords and their solicitors.

What is wanted, in fact, is an Agricultural Holdings Act made applicable to urban tenancies. Even so economic a "stalwart" as Mr. Leonard Courtney declares in favour of a "Land Court" for England. If we can give every tenant the right to compensation for reasonable unexhausted improvements, according to the length of his tenancy, and also, in certain cases of hardship, a right to claim, subject to the discretion of some impartial tribunal, a renewal upon reasonable terms, we shall have done all that the ordinary leaseholder can equitably demand.

Quasi-public bodies, such as chapels and co-operative societies, may be granted a right of compulsory purchase, equivalent to that now enjoyed in the case of the Established Church. But economic evidence, no less than the common opinion, points to the dealing with the unearned increment by way of municipal control and special taxation rather than by an indiscriminate "enfranchisement" of urban leaseholds.

WHY ARE WE SO HATED?

THERE was nothing very novel in the outburst of journalistic ill-will against England which the Berlin correspondent of the *Standard* reported on Monday. It simply meant that the lava-stream of the world's hate had belched forth from a crater less frequently in irruption than others. We are the most widely hated nation in the world, although not, perhaps, the most deeply. Now that Ireland is reconciled, no one hates an Englishman as a Frenchman hates *un Prussien*.

We and our neighbours can hardly be expected to agree upon the causes of our unpopularity. To us, it seems chiefly due to envy. They ascribe it to our crimes. Of these latter, it must be confessed that there have been some. In a long and prosperous career, the old pirate of the world has pursued his aims with a resolution, a regard for self, and a callousness which it would have been difficult to better. We armed Indians against our Colonists in their war of Independence. We disregarded all the restrictions of maritime warfare in the hostilities of 1812. Later on we let loose the *Alabama* and other corsairs to shatter the commerce and the marine of our American brethren. We have not only held Gibraltar against Spain, but we have tolerated and protected a smuggling trade there which impoverishes the Spanish Exchequer to the extent of two million pounds a year. We burnt Joan of Arc, and left Napoleon to the tender mercies of Sir Hudson Lowe. We broke the Treaty of Limerick. We kidnapped the Danish fleet. We forced opium on the Chinese. We have jumped the protectorate of Egypt against gages and pledges. We backed up the unspeakable Turk in all that was most infamous in his rule over the Eastern Christians. We have a cheerful habit of going to a country, espousing the cause of one local faction — generally the weakest and most truculent—and then, after a time, making peace with the stronger party and retiring, leaving our *quondam* friends to be ground to powder for their adherence to our cause. In fact, in the view of the candid friend, there is no end to the tale of our iniquity.

The criticisms uttered by the English press when it was reported from Bagamoyo that slavery was being put upon its legs again in those regions—the very criticisms which called forth the recent outburst of German spleen—are an example of our self-righteous spirit. The alleged German proclamation merely says, with frank Prussian brutality, what we ourselves used always to say about West African slavery up to as late a date as 1874.

But apart from our alleged misdeeds and our unquestionable Pharisaism, our good fortune alone is enough to account for nearly all the ill-will that is shown towards us. We have built up the most grandiose Empire that the world has ever seen, mainly at the expense of our rivals. We have seized all the choicest sites of the globe, and now we are grumbling because others are appropriating the rubbish which we discarded. Whilst we have often set our neighbours by the ears, so that the plains of Europe are scarred and seamed from end to end by the traces of battle, we have preserved the face of our own fair land unmarred by war. Nor have we any chapter in our history which tells of a section of our people held in long or bitter captivity. There is no *Anglia irridenta*—nothing to compare with the story of the Turkish rule in Bulgaria, or the German subjugation of Alsace-Lorraine. What is gruesome in our national story is made up of shreds and patches such as the tale of Jenkins and his ear.

Then, in another sphere of human affairs, there is something maddening in the way we suffice unto ourselves. When an Englishman settles in a new country, however remote, there are four things which he at once proceeds to do:—He puts on a pith helmet; he starts a newspaper; he organises an Anglican Church service; he chalks out a lawn-tennis ground. Then he is happy, for he is at home. The country and the people exist for him no longer. He may, indeed, pick up their lingo—if he is in business—but only for business purposes. "If," said Lord Palmerston, "you wish to be deceived about a country, consult an Englishman who has lived there thirty years and speaks the language." Italy is the only country where a resident Englishman troubles his head about local affairs. Unhappily, the Englishman in Italy nowadays is nearly always on the wrong side—or, at all events, on the anti-national side—a circumstance to which the best observers have traced the abnormal outburst of *Anglophobia* which was manifested in Italy in 1882. The typical Englishman of a Roman winter is usually more papal than the Pope. Having all the privileges, but none of the self-restraint of a neutral, he passes from one society to the other, retailing spite and lies, and generally earning the hatred of all Nationalist Italians for himself and his country. The catalogue of the causes which conduce to our being hated would not be complete without a reference to the fact that in several instances we hold sections of our neighbours' brethren in subjection, and that these neighbours are much better informed than are we as to the grievances of those who are in our power. In France people know all about Riel's career and end; and most public men could give a fuller account than any Colonial expert of Sir John Pope Hennessy's championship of the French Creole cause in Mauritius. The Athenian papers are daily filled with the bitter cry of the Cypriot against what he calls "the military

missionaries of Beaconsfield"—*i.e.*, the English civil officials. In Holland the names of Pretorius, and the other heroes and martyrs of the "Great Boer trek," are household words; and what the typical Englishman above described fails to do in earning odium for his country among Italians is completed by a knowledge of the fact that we have forced the Maltese to discard the Italian for the English language.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS IN INDIA.

WE are glad to welcome a telegram which comes this week from Calcutta, to the effect that the Indian Government are considering proposals for the reform of the Hindu marriage law. The efforts of men like Mr. Behramjee Malabari have succeeded at last in rousing in this country a strong sense of the degraded position of Hindu women, and the *Times*, in these degenerate days still capable of good, has recently advocated the necessity of reform with an ability worthy of its lost reputation. In India, since Lord Dufferin tried and failed five years ago to stir Hindu opinion on the subject, the question has made great strides in public interest; and although in 1885 the Presidency of Bombay was the only province where the idea of such reform was well received, the feeling which Mr. Malabari had already roused there has since been extended to other districts, and there is reason to hope that if the Government take action, the weight of enlightened Hindu opinion will now be on their side. Strange causes have for many generations tended to lower the condition of the Hindu woman. A thousand years ago she was comparatively free. She had her own rights, her own position. She had no cruel subordination to lament. Her situation to-day is due not to climate, not to ancient, binding custom, not even, originally, to religion, but to historic causes creating social needs, and helped by priestly encroachments. Mediæval India was for centuries the battle-field of contending conquerors, exposed to successive inroads of Turks and Afghans, Persians and Moguls. In those troublesome times the object of the Hindu was to secure safety for his women, to obtain for his daughters, at as early an age as he could, the status of lawful wives, the protection of lawful husbands. This desire, dictated by temporary danger, custom gradually stepped in to ratify, and the Brahmin, anxious perhaps for his ascendency over the minds and households of his flock, countenanced and encouraged it by the sanctions of religion. Under Brahminical influence, always the enemy of women's freedom, the complete subordination of women became, what originally it had not been, a solemn tenet of the Hindu creed, and the practice of marrying women at a very early age, instead of a necessity imposed by social disintegration, became a religious duty. If a Hindu father failed to find a husband for his daughter, even before the age of puberty, he lowered the honour of his family, he committed a grievous sin, and he lessened the chances of salvation not only for himself, but for his ancestors too. Thus the custom of child-marriage became a sacred part of the Hindu's social code, and the ideas and practices resulting from it, with the physical and moral degradation following in their train, are answerable for the evils which we have to face to-day.

The problem in India is how to give women independence without insulting religious sentiment or appreciably upsetting social and family ties. Those who view any interference with alarm—and that class, always powerful, is not least powerful in Anglo-Indian circles—remind us of the Queen's famous proclamation pledging the British Government to leave untouched the customs of the Hindus. Obviously that argument is one to be weighed. All interference must be gradual, and sanctioned, as far as possible, by native feeling. But every community retains the right to modify, as circumstances require, the pledges which it exacts, and we must be careful not to stereotype a beneficent promise into a formula which would preserve in no one's interest abuses against which the Hindus are learning to protest. The principle of guarded interference, when sanctioned by enlightened native opinion, is one on which the Government of India has rightly acted in the past. On that principle we interfered to end the custom of burning widows. On that principle we put down infanticide. On that principle we passed an Act enabling Hindu widows to re-marry. On that principle we have deprived the Hindu father of his right to dedicate his daughter to the service of a temple, because the practice usually involved what in our view was immorality of life. Oddly enough, we have, by force of circumstances, been led to interfere in another direction, and in one instance to aggravate rather than to modify the severity of the Hindu marriage law. There has crept unobserved into the procedure of the Indian courts the old English ecclesiastical custom of suits for restitution of conjugal rights, and we have thus introduced into the Hindu social system an additional and alien method of coercing a wife into submission.

In face of these precedents it can scarcely be contended that we have not the right to attempt to mitigate the marriage code. We need not at first go the whole length that the reformers wish. We may not approve of all their suggestions. But to abolish the suits for the restitution of conjugal rights, to take steps to render operative the Act enabling widows to re-marry, and if possible to alleviate the penitential loneliness to which most widows are condemned, to raise the age under which the consummation of marriage would be a criminal offence—these are all measures which native opinion would vindicate at once. Further steps than these are needed to give freedom to the Hindu woman, and such further steps, difficult as they are to decide on, will have to follow in the future. But for the present, it is something that the Government should have determined to begin. After all, our object in India is not only to conquer and to occupy, but gradually to raise the people nearer to the social standard which we profess; and we must give our subjects no reason to suppose that our inaction in these matters is due to the cause suggested by a prominent Hindu—that perhaps the English do not think it to their interest "to make a fine nation of us by liberating our women too far."

THE DOWNFALL OF TRUSTS.

MUCH has been heard recently of the growth of Trusts in the United States, and in view of the interest taken in this new economic development the Foreign Office has issued a special report on the constitution, attributes, and legal status of these combinations. The report contains a mass of facts about Trusts, but, unfortunately, such official publications have only a very circumscribed circulation.

We have had attempts in England at great combinations, but we have no parallel to the Trust, which is peculiarly an American invention—a monument of American genius, and a symbol of American rapacity. Under the shelter of the tariff tax many Trusts have been allowed to grow up until they established monopolies. Their operations are

not confined to any district; their tentacles stretch over several States; and in more than one industry the whole country is in their grasp. Just now, however, their progress is stopped. Harassed by law courts, they migrate from State to State, only to meet fresh opposition. The Courts refuse to recognise the illegal agreements under which they operate, and their officers rob their treasuries. Everywhere the Press and public opinion is against them. Their power is broken, and at present the Trust question is in a state of chaos. The Trust is being transformed into some other combination less inimical to public interest, and less likely to call forth legal prosecutions. The only Trust which remains unshaken is the greatest monopoly of all—the Standard Oil Trust—and an assault will soon be made against one of its branches in Ohio.

The Foreign Office report above referred to gives the constitution of this Trust, which was organised on its present basis in 1882. As this Trust has served as the model of all future Trusts, it may here be explained that a Trust is an illegal secret combination of corporations, or individuals, engaged in a certain industry, who unite to destroy competition, raise prices, and establish a monopoly. It is directed by a Board of nine trustees, who control the whole organisation, and manipulate it to suit the exigencies of supply and demand. The Trust first aims at the control of a certain industry; then it tries to ruin its competitors, or compel them to join. All Trusts have striven to limit production, and all have raised prices except the Standard Oil Trust, which has been unable to do either—hence its strength. Petroleum flowed from the ground in an unstinted supply; there was always some competition left outside the Trust in America, and this, with the fear of competition from Russia, checked the rise in prices. Wherever it could, however, the Standard Oil Trust has used its power with most crushing effect on both consumers and competitors.

Let us now turn to the recent attempts made to suppress Trusts, which have brought about the present situation. Anti-Trust laws have been passed by several State legislatures—after the official investigations last year into the working of Trusts—and about thirty Bills for the suppression of Trusts and Monopolies have been introduced into Congress. A Bill brought in by Senator Sherman has passed the Senate, and is now before the House of Representatives; but no Federal Anti-Trust law is yet on the statute book.

The first State to legislate against Trusts was Missouri, and its experience was rather unfortunate. The law was a most sweeping one. No combination which looked at all like a Trust, or interfered the least with free competition, could have withstood it; but, unfortunately, the law came into conflict with the Constitution of the State. The power which it gave to the Secretary of State to revoke the charter of any company which belonged to a Trust was found to be unconstitutional, and the Act failed. Texas has passed a law against monopolies, but nothing has yet resulted from this or other laws specially directed against Trusts. It is under the common law of the States—based on the common law of England—that the Trusts have been pursued, and have come to grief. The people of New York State have been fighting the Sugar Trust for the last eight months, and have lately succeeded in breaking it up. The suit was brought by the Attorney-General against the North River Sugar Refining Company—one of the corporations forming the Trust—which held a charter from the State, on the ground that it belonged to a combination which was "a public nuisance, preventing free competition, tending to control an industry and create a monopoly." The lower Court held that the company had forfeited its charter. The defendants went to the Court of Appeals, and were again defeated. They appealed again to the supreme Court, only to get another adverse decision. Its charter was annulled, and it had to pay all the costs. This was a severe blow to the Sugar Trust, from which it will not recover, although it is still striving to hold together. At the same time as the people of New York were fighting one of its branches, another was being attacked in California, and in order to save itself the Californian business was sold. After this important precedent—for the case was a test one—the Attorney-General of New York intends to proceed against other companies which belong to Trusts.

Emboldened by the success of New York, the State of Ohio has brought suit against the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, which is the father of the Standard Oil Trust. It is alleged that this Company, which received its charter from the State, "chooses no directors or officers, has no capital stock, issues no certificates of stock," and belongs to an illegal corporation which controls the production and price of petroleum in Ohio and the United States. This constitutes a monopoly "which is injurious to trade and commerce," and is therefore held to be illegal.

Another recent decision against Trusts comes from Michigan. The Diamond Match Trust, of that State, was upset on the ground, to quote the decision, that "it is a menace to the public; its object and direct tendency is to prevent free and fair competition, and control prices throughout the national domain. It is no answer to say that this monopoly has, in fact, reduced the price of friction matches. That policy might have been necessary in order to crush competition."

So vigilant is the war waged against Trusts by the law courts that two rival steamboats on the Kentucky river could not combine or "pool" to raise their charges. The Court decided against them, and laid down this general principle:—"Rivalry is the life of trade. The thrift and welfare of the people depend on it. Monopoly is opposed to it all along the line." The steamboat "pool" was therefore done away with, because it was opposed to public policy. There have been many negative decisions against Trusts, when they appealed to courts over internal disputes, as no court will recognise their illegal agreements.

It will thus be seen that notwithstanding the vast wealth of these huge monopolies—their tremendous power and influence—in spite of the fact that they corrupt legislators and hire judges, they are losing ground. The anticipations of those who saw in Trusts the practical workings of a great communistic scheme for the control of all industries by a central ruling power, have not been justified. Even with the aid of a tariff tax, which looks as if it were intended to propagate these monopolies, they cannot hold together. The strongest influence against them is not anti-Trust laws, special investigations, or the common law, but public opinion. They do not themselves succeed in approaching the Socialist ideal by suppressing individuality, for every now and then the directors are fighting over the spoil, or some officer decamps with the funds. There has undoubtedly been a tendency of late years—not confined to the United States—to amalgamate small businesses, and to conduct manufactories on a large scale. This naturally results in great economy in every direction, and, up to a certain point, is beneficial to the public. But as soon as companies, corporations, or Trusts attempt to control the market, and destroy free competition, then, as the American courts hold, they are opposed to "public policy" and ought to be suppressed.

THE EIGHT HOURS MOVEMENT.

THE vote of a majority in the Liverpool Trades Union Congress in favour of a general compulsory Eight Hours Act of Parliament is certainly the most striking event in the recent history of labour. But to understand its real meaning and effect, we must look at it somewhat closely, and go a little behind the scenes. Sufficient information about the circumstances under which it was taken is now to hand. It may be summed up thus:—The vote was a very close one, having something of the nature of a surprise: it was the result of a good deal of practical manœuvring and personal antagonism, and is very far from being a final and authoritative decision by a truly representative body. On the other hand, the fact of such a vote being obtained at all shows an immense change in the attitude of Unionism; it proves very considerable disorganisation in the Congress itself; and, in any case, the vote must have important moral and social consequences. It cannot be accepted as final. But it would be rank folly to turn aside as if nothing had happened.

To look a little into the circumstances of the vote, we know that there were three issues before the Congress, and not a plain yes, or no. There was the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, the exact terms of which we know; there was a modification of this, which might mean much or might mean little; and there was a universal compulsory maximum, on which everybody could put his own meaning. Each of these three courses had its own party, and there were others opposed to all three. Much manœuvring took place as to which of these plans should be taken first, and much caucusing ensued as to which vote should be supported by each party as their second string. In the result, the third motion was carried amidst wild excitement by a very narrow majority. It is now known that in that majority were delegates who very much object to the motion becoming law, but who supported it on tactical grounds. A good many delegates voted on various grounds for a motion which they hardly treated as within measurable distance of practical politics. And others voted by way of giving a general support to the New Unionism. As in loosely organised public meetings in general, and even as in an American Presidential election, a great many obscure tactical considerations control the result. The vote, in fact, however striking, cannot be taken as definitive. It is significant, but not decisive.

Again, a vote of such sweeping stringency and novel character was avowedly recommended on local and special grounds. It was a duel, we are told, between certain Northern and Midland unions and the Lancashire textile operatives, turning on details of each particular trade not very intelligible to those outside it. Is the Legal Eight Hours to apply to everyone—men, women, and children; to those who work in houses, as well as those who work in factories; to those who work, like the miners, in a very trying place, or who walk after a mule and mind a loom driven by steam; to those who do not work continuously, as a girl who minds a sweetstuff shop, or an apple-stall in the street?

Again, who is to enforce the Legal Maximum, how many inspectors are to be appointed, who is to pay them, who is to inspect and control *them?* Are they to have power by Act of Parliament to enter every house, and every room in every house? Are they to turn away from the counter every person who "has minded the shop" from eight a.m. until four p.m.? Are they to snatch from the tailor's hand the garment upon which he has been at work during those hours, with an eye turned on the baby's cradle? What is the inspector to do if the father or mother tell him they want to finish the coat by night? What penalty is to be enforced? Is it fine or imprisonment: and up to what limit of money or prison? Will it be worse, under the new legislation, to stamp on your wife in a drunken fit (say fourteen days, or an option of 40s.), or to be caught earning nine clear hours of wages for her in one day?

Again, what does the Eight Hours limit mean? Does it mean eight hours for six days of the week? If so, it abolishes the Saturday half-holiday. If the Saturday twelve o'clock or two o'clock limit is retained, it must mean more than eight hours on other days in the week, so as to make forty-eight hours in the week. But then, it does not mean eight hours a day, but something more. And is the Monday play-day to count? If only five days' work are taken, the forty-eight hours will mean nearly ten hours on each of the five. Will the Eight Hours be the same by the clock for every trade—for miners as for masons, for railway men as for spinners, for tailors working at home as for engineers working at Penn's? Well! obviously not. But what a portentous time-table would the Home Office have to work—worse than a thousand Bradshaws—if every trade, each shop, each union, each man and woman, were free to say when the Eight Hours began and ended for them! And then, are men free to apportion their hours through the week so that they do not exceed forty-eight on Saturday night? If they are, how is compulsion to be practically enforced? If they are not, what an appalling tyranny would reign for the sixteen hours of each twenty-four—more than a Jewish Sabbath during two-thirds of every day—in the limit of which no work could be done under pain of fine and imprisonment!

It will be said, these are petty details, of needless precision, and open, of course, to obvious exceptions. But the worst of it is that Acts of Parliament must be precise, they must go into details, and can admit no exceptions, unless so scheduled in the Bill. If statutes are not precise, rigid, of universal application within the scope of the preamble, and enforced on breach by fine and imprisonment, and with somebody whose official business it is to see the fine or penalty imposed, the statute is waste paper, and you can drive a coach and six through it; or, if you do not happen to keep horses, you can drive a sledge hammer through it. People who talk about Acts of Parliament ought to know what the elements of a law are; and they ought to remember that a high-sounding and generous resolution—such as "every man ought to have a fair day's wage for a fair day's work"—is a very different thing. An Act of Parliament must define what penalty is to be imposed on every man, woman, or child who does a certain thing, or neglects to do a certain thing, which the Act declares no one shall do, or neglect to do, with impunity. And then it must go on to define how the penalty is to be enforced, and who is to be charged with the duty of enforcing it. And if it does not do this, the so-called Act of Parliament is rubbish—a mere high-falutin' resolution passed by acclamation.

Again, what does the Legal Eight Hours mean? Does it mean the maximum time, after which an extra rate of wages will be expected, or does it mean a limit beyond which no man is to labour? If it means the former, it is a movement not so much to shorten the day of labour, as to raise the wages. And in that case, all the arguments about reducing the time of labour, about reducing the output, or bringing in the unemployed, fall to the ground. If it mean the latter, who is to provide against emergencies, or occasional pressure under lucrative contracts, or accidents or the like? And how long will workmen anxious to earn extra money at a double rate of pay, submit to be sent to prison for refusing to stand idle sixteen hours in each day? It is perfectly certain that whole trades have voted for the Eight Hours movement, under the impression that it meant not so much a reduction of hours' work, which they do not wish, but an increased rate of pay, which they very much want. Whilst, therefore, such curious uncertainty still exists as to what the Eight Hours Law really means, whilst almost every element in a formal Bill in Parliament is left in the

air, whilst workmen are so completely divided in opinion as to how these details of its application are to be worked out, the Legal Eight Hours, as it is called, may be a formidable demonstration—but it is not practical politics. It is true that all these questions and dilemmas, as set forth above, may be cleared up and got rid of. The present writer would be sorry to say that the difficulties are insuperable, or beyond the scope of patience, good sense, legal and administrative art. But they require an immense amount of labour, thought, and inquiry, which they have not yet received, either inside the Congress or out of it. A highly competent observer, thoroughly informed and of great impartiality and experience, an eye-witness of the discussion at Liverpool, writes thus:—"The present leaders are all alive to the fact that almost none of the resolutions of the Liverpool Congress can be carried out; that every endeavour to do so would cause a rupture between the old unions of skilled men and the new unions; *and that this would be just what the employers want.*" These are the words of one of the staunchest and wisest friends of Unionism now living in Europe. In the face of a judgment like this, workmen and their true friends had better incline to a careful and conciliatory policy, and avoid hurry and premature jubilation.

On the other hand, politicians will do very wrong to make light of what has just happened, or to think, as so many ostriches think in and out of Africa, that it does not concern them, and they can stick a bold head into the sand of their own constituency. The Trades Union Congress has moved with the times. It may be that the recent vote at Liverpool was a mere demonstration. But in these days demonstrations are very important when they show that one party have lost heart, and that the other party have gained it. Suppose nothing more than this—that the delegates of the Unions no longer care to demand legislation on the old Parliamentary and economic lines. Well, that by itself is an immense fact. A Parliament duly elected by a million and a half of the strongest and most thoughtful workmen in these islands meets to settle a proposal which has stirred the trades for some years—and they vote (by a small but resolute majority) to support a Bill which politicians of all colours have hitherto scouted as a wild and ludicrous extravagance. This thing alone is very serious indeed, and implies much. The workmen may be divided, but, as a body, they have ceased to put faith in the old Parliamentary and economic axioms. And they are not likely to put faith in them again, in this generation. Look to it! Candidates, members, and Ministers, it concerns you all very much!

There is abundant evidence that a large, convinced, and solid majority came to Liverpool pledged to support the Miners' Eight Hours Bill; and had the issue turned solely on that, the Bill would have been at once raised to the level of practical politics. Hitherto, the Bill has been treated almost as a bad joke or a hobby. But the resolution of certain groups of miners to agitate for such legislation is now becoming a practical reality. It is easy to see how deeply the Bill sins against all our fixed canons of legislation; against treating adults, as if they were children, by compulsory clauses; against the vices of grandmotherly laws and multiplying inspectors, and by the tyranny of fixing limits to a free man's disposal of his own industry. All this is plain, logical, unanswerable, and, unhappily, most tediously common-place. It is not so easy to show that it would injure mining industry, or inflict personal tyranny, or work intolerable inconvenience, or be impossible to enforce. Miners are already subject to an enormous mass of legislative restriction; their labour is now entirely *sui generis;* the Eight Hours limit is already common. Almost everything else about a miner's industry is so regulated by law that it seems like straining at a gnat to protest against regulating hours by law after swallowing the camel of regulating truck-wages, his lamp, his weighing measures, and all the details which at present surround him in the pit day and night. No doubt the proposal to fix a Legal Eight Hours sins against political economy; but better arguments must be used if Parliament intends to resist a demand should it ever be raised by a united, determined, and intelligent body of workmen, knowing, at any rate, their own mind and their own power.

There is an immense deal of cant now current as to the wickedness and folly of attempting to interfere with the freedom of adults. There are thousands of clauses on the statute-book which limit the free industry of adults in all sorts of ways, and for all sorts of reasons. The public health, convenience, sense of the pleasant, morality, religion, and scores of grounds, are enough to make adults punishable for exercising their talents or their industry in ways they may like. Thousands of police and sanitary regulations, provisions for our comfort, rest, holidays, surround us on all sides. A costermonger may not wallop his donkey, or a knife-grinder harness his dog, or a publican sell a glass of ale, or an apothecary sell opium, or a milkman sell a pint of milk, or a cyclist ride without a lamp, or a "lion comique" sing a broad song, or a "*lionne comique*" wear a short dress or dance a particular jig, without finding the law at hand, the policeman alert, and the magistrate inexorable. An enterprising firm introduce "sky-signs," and the public clamour for a new law to suppress that ingenious form of industry. It is palpably untrue to say that Parliament does not limit the labour of adults. It does so now, even to give the majority a holiday. Why are all the creditors in London compelled to wait for payment on four days in the year in order that other Londoners may run down to the seaside or visit the Crystal Palace? Why are all men by law compelled to cease from their handicraft on Sunday? Why are Jews limited to five days of labour, and why may not an Agnostic cobbler mend our shoes on the Sabbath? What a roar of execration would be raised, how political economy would be invoked, if Lord Salisbury were now to propose *de novo* to make Sunday labour penal! Why do we submit to this and other legislative restrictions on free industry? The answer is, for the sake of social convenience and comfort. Let us be quite sure that a time is coming when the decisive question whereby to test any new legislative proposal will be not, do Adam Smith and Malthus condemn it?—but, will it really contribute to the social convenience and comfort? And this question is one very often quite incapable of being answered *a priori*.

There is, indeed, a mode in which a reduction of hours in labour is practicable without new laws, and without any pretext of tyranny. It is admitted that the present hours of labour are often excessive, injurious to the health, self-respect, and welfare of those who suffer, and thereby a bar to the progress of the community. Labour is now a very different thing from what it was sixty years ago; and an "hour" in these days of factories, steam, and competition means far more strain than an "hour" in the last century. To redress this extra pressure, and to save the community from degradation all round, is really, if we would only see it, a religious duty, to be adequately enforced by a religious and not by a temporal authority. But, in the absence of any competent religious influence, the temporal authority may set a useful example. The State—that is, all of us—employs hundreds of thousands of men and women in our own service, and for our own convenience. Hundreds and thousands of these men and women are over-worked. Let the State then set the example, and be the first to insist that over-work shall cease in its own services and that the public shall not be the great and typical Sweater of the poor. That at any rate would be a beginning; and Political Economy will only be able to grumble: "I could have got the work done cheaper!"

FREDERIC HARRISON.

IRELAND AND MR. BALFOUR'S BLUNDER.

(From a Dublin Correspondent.)

MR. BALFOUR has stirred the still waters of Irish political life with a conundrum to which no man can find an answer. "Why did he arrest and prosecute Dillon and O'Brien?" This is the question which, in one form or the other, all men in Ireland are now putting to each other. "Why did he put the accursed League on its legs?" asks the Conservative. "What on earth induced him to do us such a turn?" queries the Leaguer. "Why won't he allow the poor country to have a moment of quiet?" asks the non-political man who wants to get on in business or at his profession. A few Conservative politicians and journalists keep up a bold show in public, but no man who has even the slightest peep behind the Coercionist scenes doubts that the Balfourian *coup* has caused there the most utter dismay. No doubt this feeling is based in part upon the unfounded feeling of elation which preceded it. Twenty times within the past ten years the Irish Tories believed and proclaimed that the national movement was "a thing of the past." That movement, being carried on by human beings, has its moments of ebb and flow, of action and reaction. It was at a moment of ebb that Mr. Balfour struck his blow. Laying aside all exaggeration, it is certain that there were signs of weariness and signs of dissension. Where are they now? Mr. Balfour has before him a united nation, and behind him a handful of disgusted backers. The Nationalist party is solid again, and all fear of any want of success in the coming appeal to America has disappeared. Why Mr. Balfour, who certainly is no fool, thus played the game of the Irish people, is a question to which I will try and give an answer. It is ludicrous to see in the Chief Secretary a man of blood and iron who, in his absorbing devotion to law, strikes at the criminal in the moment he hears of the crime; strikes at him regardless of all consequences, pursues the stern path of duty, come what may. The question of time disposes of this pleasant theory. The defendants in the new prosecutions are prosecuted in September for speeches they delivered in March. The true reason must, I imagine, be found in the one great fact that the Irishman is never allowed to forget, and that the Englishman never ought to forget. The Irish Government, "the Castle" as it is always called in Ireland, exists only as a giant machine for getting in rents. All this vast machine kept up at the cost of millions, all the huge judiciary, the phalanx of "Removables," the legions of police and military, all stand behind the landlord's bailiff and move at his command. Now rent in Ireland is at this moment in danger throughout vast districts of the country. In the days of the great famine thousands paid their rent punctually one gale day and died of hunger before the next. There is a strong belief in Ireland that this ought not to be done again, that the Western peasant ought only to pay such a rent as would leave him enough to buy as much meal as would keep him and his little family alive till the next potato harvest. Mr. Balfour, and the little group of landlords under whose orders he acts, are of a contrary opinion; they believe in the sanctity of rent, they regard its exaction and payment in full as the whole duty of man. Hence a sharp struggle is expected in the West, and the most rational explanation of Mr. Balfour's *coup* is that it is intended to lock up for the winter the most powerful advocates of the tenants' cause, and to warn all others that six months in gaol will be the portion of those who dare to meddle between angry lord and starving serf. In the meantime no man can doubt what is the political lesson of the arrests. For over three years Mr. Balfour has with great courage, great ability, and a noble absence of all scruple, carried out his policy of "Thorough"! He has had at his back devoted colleagues and an obsequious Parliament. How has he sped? Why, things in Ireland are just where they were at the beginning of the campaign—only perhaps a little worse. The agrarian war blazes in a fierce activity on a dozen great estates. The Castle is more hated than ever. The police, pampered by the Government and worried by popular hatred, are becoming a positive and serious danger. Trade languishes, for no man builds, or lends, or ventures, in a state of things which all men believe to be provisional. And for those whom the people delight to honour there is the sham trial and the prison cell. Mr. Balfour's last step has undoubtedly largely increased the number of that growing body of men who believe with Sir George Trevelyan that the game of coercion is up. As to the agrarian difficulty, the Chief Secretary has undoubtedly added to it a new element of poisonous bitterness. Moderate men of both parties saw in the lull of politics a favourable moment when the quarrel on the campaigned estates might have been settled by an honourable peace which would have left no sting behind. That hope is now at an end. The peacemaker of yesterday, if he continued his efforts, would be the traitor of to-day. Mr. Balfour has determined to fight out his battle with the Irish people, and there is not a sagacious man in the island who doubts what the upshot of the fight will be.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

X.—Robert Browning.

"HOW strange that Browning should have been buried in Westminster Abbey!" said an old Anglo-Florentine the other day. "Of course, we all knew that he was a good fellow and a clever man, fond of literature and old pictures, but we never looked upon him as a poet: *she* was the poetess." Such was the judgment of one who was a constant visitor at Casa Guidi forty years ago. And it represents the opinion of the world. How strange that one so long neglected and unread should at the end of his life be placed above all the poets of his generation! It is curious, too, that this should be the result, not of any new production, but merely of better appreciation of the old. The last collected edition of Browning's works consists of sixteen volumes, not including "Asolando." The poems which will be longest remembered, and upon which his fame will ultimately rest, are contained in the first seven of these, and were published five-and-twenty years before the poet's death. "The Ring and the Book" did much to diffuse his fame, but nothing to deepen it in the hearts of true admirers. In 1868 the supremacy of Tennyson was unchallenged, now it is more than disputed in comparison with Browning. Such a phenomenon is almost unique in literature. What would Milton's reputation be without "Paradise Lost," Shakespeare's without the *Tempest*, Byron's without "Don Juan," Shelley's without his latest lyrics? Goethe offers the nearest parallel; but the enthusiasm excited by his early works was immense. It is worth while to inquire what was the cause of this long neglect and startling resipiscence.

Browning laid it at the door of the reviewers. Tennyson was introduced to the public by an article of John Stuart Mill's. Browning would have had the same good fortune if a printer's devil had not wanted two more lines of copy. But admiration of "Pauline" might not have made "Paracelsus" and "Sordello" more intelligible. Browning's father wrote poetry, and, like Byron, the god of his idolatry was Pope. Browning's first, and as yet unpublished verses, were Popian and Byronic. He did not invent Browningese till he had left off writing "governess English," a trace of which still lingers in the "Lost Leader" and the "Pied Piper." Browning could hardly expect his public to be in advance of himself. A young man once said to Ruskin, that when he first went to Florence he had singled out Botticelli's "Coronation

of the Virgin" as the finest picture in the galleries. "How fortunate you are!" replied Ruskin: "it is the finest picture, but it took me twenty years to find it out." "Yes," was the answer, "but you had not then read your own books." Even in the early forties, when Browning was about thirty, "Bells and Pomegranates" had its select circle of admirers and purchasers. He was the cynosure of the young enthusiasts who wrote and read the *Leader*. In the fifties a Cambridge undergraduate would hear that Browning was deeply studied at Balliol, and thought superior to Tennyson. The Americans, who have always thrown into the cult of English literature the zeal and earnestness which we reserve for the Greeks and Romans, were perhaps the first to discover that the Tennysonian lyre gave, after all, a tinkling sound, and that Browning's theorbo was deeper in tone and richer in harmonics. Of all this the British public knew little or nothing till the later sixties. "The Ring and the Book" was living, it was intelligible, it was the story of a murder. It also abounded in all the graces and beauties which Browning worshippers had already discerned in his other works. Some were flattered to think that they could understand Browning after all; others were pleased to discover in a poem what they had before only known in Gaboriau. Length also made its impression. It was uncharitable and discourteous to be deaf to a writer who was getting up at five every morning and writing at the peril of his health to show you that he was a poet after all. So "The Ring and the Book" was widely read, and the author was in London. He could be asked to dinner. Byron woke up one morning and found himself famous. Browning appeared in society as an elderly widower, not pedantic, nor wayward, nor intense; so he became the lion, not of one season, but of an entire old age. His earlier works were inquired after and bought; new editions were in demand; Mr. Furnivall and the Browning Society did the rest. Browning said that the establishment of this society laid upon him a greater responsibility to produce good work. Certainly "Jocoseria" is the weakest of his productions.

In Browning, more than in most authors, the man was greater than the poet. From the first he was dominated by three master impulses—a passionate sympathy for human nature and a curiosity about its infinite developments, an intense thirst for knowledge even in its most remote and abstruse forms, and the burning zeal of a prophet to lead mankind to the highest and the best. Thus he did not only reproduce human nature like Shakespeare, but he judged it. His learning had a touch of pedantry. If he did not fuse it into a new alloy like Milton, he did not become its servant like the author of "Romola." In him the prophet was tempered by the man of the world. The indignation of Elijah was subdued by the courtliness of Demodocus. He did not, like George Eliot, habitually pour his best into the ear of his table-companion, stimulating but exhausting, too conscientious to be humorous, too eager to be flippant. His talk was not of Andrea del Sarto and Galuppi, but somewhat too often of Lord This and Sir Something That. Nor did he, like the bard of the Isle of Wight, wander on the edge of a noble down with dishevelled hair and careless clothes, brooding almost continually on the probability of a future state, feeling that this life was worthless if there were no other. Converse with mankind kept him sweet and fresh, till he could spend his autumn solitude on the slopes of the Saléve, or in the enchanted valley of Gressonay, or on the beacon hill of legendary Asolo. Yet this varied play of life and emotion never swayed his central soul. The tinkling of the bells and pomegranates only served to tell the outer world that the high-priest was entering the Holy of Holies.

So far as we know, his spirit had two crises of awakening—Italy and his wife. He went to Italy for the first time when he was just of age. It opened his lips to a new harmony. Russia had made him turn with longing to England. Italy filled him with such affection that he would probably have thought it a special mercy to die there. Whatever he gained from her, he has repaid the debt with interest. If George Eliot's "Romola," or Milton's "Vallombrosa," or Goethe's "Reise," draws the young scholar to Italy, still more potent is the spell which works in innumerable lyrics, whether he describes the Apennines or the lagoon, the villa or the city, the painter or the musician, the Pope, the bishop, or the brigand. His conception of the Renaissance and of the Metternich reaction is equally realistic. His Italian men and women are instinct with a life which we lack in "Romola." We cannot tell what theme took him to that little village, whither many a pilgrim has gone since to see Pippa pass. It must be sufficient that it inspired his masterpiece, even though the idea of it may have come to him in Dulwich wood. "Pippa Passes" is the high-water mark of Browning's genius. It contains, as in a quintessence, all the best qualities of his art, clothed in a perfection of form which is too often lacking in his writings. We find in it exquisite lyrics, various phases of intense tragedy, a broad gamut of life, sounding with equal power from the highest to the lowest tone—pathos, humour, and, above all, the gentle soul of Pippa hovering, scarcely mortal, above the sea of human degradation, like a rainbow over a waterfall, or Ariel at a shipwreck. It is also comparatively free from the charge so often brought against Browning's dramas, that all the characters speak the same language. Not a drama, and incapable of being acted, it is the most dramatic of Browning's works. He was about twenty-six when he wrote this poem, and he never surpassed it.

His next effort was "Sordello," which must also rank as a masterpiece. It is probably the most obscure poem in the English language, but it is well worth studying. It is a pity that the head-lines which were inserted in the edition of 1863 have now been omitted. They have a value of their own besides the light which they throw on the poem. The faults of "Sordello" cannot be altogether defended. Poetry should be clear. Vagueness of expression is only defensible, as in Virgil, where sound becomes an auxiliary to sense. Dante is only obscure in a translation. No writer, not even Plato, ever put such complicated thoughts into such limpid language. "Sordello" is strongly concentrated. He who broods over the lines will not waste his time. The pictures rise up vividly from a few gnarled and knotted words. Still the diction has little music, and the historical basis of the poem is needlessly involved. Here, as elsewhere, Browning drew recklessly on his imagination. The galloping from Ghent to Aix was a ride of the poet's fancy, when imprisoned in a cabin; the journey of Childe Roland, to many students full of mystic ministries, was a dream inspired by a fragment of tapestry; and all we know about Sordello is what Dante has told us—that he was a poet and a Mantuan, and that he looked like a couching lion.

We have buried Browning in Westminster Abbey. What will posterity think of his claim to lie there? In all acts it is difficult to anticipate the judgment of the future, which is after all, in the long run, the true judgment. Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton are unassailable. The eighteenth century has scarcely left us an undisputed poetical reputation. Perhaps Gray, Goldsmith, and Cowper have gained much by the lapse of time. Byron is now at his apogee. Shall we ever return to the continental estimate of his worth? The new generation will discuss the comparative merits of Browning and Tennyson as our own discusses those of Byron and Shelley. It is almost certain that posterity will remember nothing which is not fairly intelligible. At the same time, in poetry as in music, the human faculty may accustom itself to new harmonies. Probably Browning's reputation stood highest at the day of his death. Much had to be made up to him. The world repented of its long neglect. Last June "Asolando" was in its sixth edition, "Demeter" in its

second, though Tennyson's editions were probably larger than Browning's. "Asolando" also shows less of the old man. Yet it is safe to affirm that public opinion will again turn to our Laureate, and that the sweet and gentle muse cultivated with such care, instinct with such high purpose, will charm the ears of many generations who may be slow to listen to the harsher voice of Robert Browning.

A LADY NOVELIST REPLIES.

I HAVE read (writes the authoress of some popular works of fiction) a series of articles in THE SPEAKER entitled "To Lady Novelists," but for the life of me I cannot be certain whether they are in our praise or disparagement. Those of my sister-workers with whom I have discussed the series are equally at a loss, for while the writer allows that he prefers ladies' novels to men's, he does so grudgingly, ashamed apparently to write a deliberate untruth, but not glad to acknowledge indebtedness where it is due. This is very characteristic of the male critic, who can no more allow generously that fiction is the true sphere for women than a bully can apologise like a gentleman. Even when this writer allows justice to wring from him the confession that in the treatment of passion (surely the proper subject of the novelist) the lady writer is head and shoulders above the male, a vein of what seems to be hidden sarcasm detracts from the generosity of his words, and again and again it appears to me that he is only saved from attempting covertly to decry us by lack of humour. On the whole, though I allow that he praises us, there is something even in his laudation which, while I cannot quite say what it is, I do not like.

Were I asked in what the novels of ladies are noticeably superior to those of men, I should reply, in the first place, in *humour*. The writer of "To Lady Novelists" omits humour from his consideration altogether, not, I think, because of jealousy, but because, as I have already said, he is curiously wanting in humour himself. Curiously wanting, I say as a woman, though he shares this infirmity (for it is nothing less) with the most of his sex. It is humour that makes the characters in fiction real to the reader, and hence the enormous popularity of John Strange Winter and the authoress of "Molly Bawn," who are undoubtedly the two leading humorists of the day. Until the first-mentioned of these writers published the delightful "Bootles' Baby," which Mr. Ruskin (one of the few men of eminence who has a keen sense of humour) justly calls a work of genius, how little was known to us of the English officer! Yet hundreds of male writers have treated of military life. But with what a difference! Compare Bootles, who lives before us, with, for instance, the trumpet-major in Mr. Hardy's novel, or with Sergeant Troy in "Far from the Madding Crowd" (the heroine of which is a libel on womanhood). Mr. Hardy is a painstaking writer, yet who will say that his soldiers are real human beings, as John Strange Winter's are? In short, Mr. Hardy fatally lacks humour.

How superior, too, is the lady novelist in refinement! Surely this alone would be sufficient excuse for her existence. Her pages are seldom soiled by the vulgarity which may without exaggeration be called the trade-mark of the male novelist. I shall say nothing of Dickens (surely the vulgarest writer that ever put pen to paper), except that such characters as Sam Weller and Mrs. Gamp would tarnish a better-deserved reputation. He, however, lived in an age when there were few lady novelists to raise the tone of fiction, while his successors are almost equally vulgar without that excuse. I dare say the writer of "To Lady Novelists" will tell me that to be humorous is necessarily to be vulgar, but I shall reply by referring him to the imperishable "Molly Bawn." The book is full of humour, yet it is always of the chastest, most lady-like kind. Compare the humour of "Molly Bawn" or "Phyllis" with that of, say, "The Egoist" (of which I admit I have not read the whole), and you are in a position to know the difference between humour and the licence that apes it.

I am not sure whether the writer of "To Lady Novelists" really admires Ouida. He says he does, but in language that is capable, I think (though I may be wronging him), of a double meaning. Yet Ouida is the greatest of all novelists in that passion which I have already called the most legitimate subject of fiction. As a humorist she is delightful, and her refinement is as true as it is elevating; but in these departments she has rivals, while in passion she is without a peer.* Of wines it has been said that claret is for boys, port for men, and champagne for heroes; I may paraphrase this remark and say that Scott, Stevenson, and such-like, are for boys, Thackeray, Dickens, Fergus Hume, and Hall Caine for men, and Ouida for heroes. Anyone can describe fights with pirates (of which Mr. Stevenson's books are full), and whoever has an eye for the little things about him can photograph people in the street after the manner of Dickens and Thackeray. But passion is of the soul. When two souls love, then is the clash of worlds. Passion lifts man into the realms of poetry, and his feelings are no longer those of this mundane planet. It gives him a seat among the gods of Olympus, which he has won by conquest. Does not Ouida thrill the brain and make the eyes leap in their sockets when she approaches the subject of a fatal passion? And how do male writers act when there are the same possibilities before them? They run away! Did Ouida ever run away from a scene of passion? Did Scott ever face one? We have only to open the Waverley Novels (first blowing the dust off them!) to see what a jump there is between Scott and Ouida. At present Mr. Irving has quite revived fashionable interest in Scott, which is my excuse for having a copy of "The Bride of Lammermoor" by me. I turn to Ravenswood's proposal to unhappy Lucy Ashton (unhappy in having so cold a lover), and here is all Scott gives us as recompense for reading nearly two hundred pages of preliminary (we are half through the story before there is a word of love-making in it!)—"Lucy wept on, but her tears were less bitter. Each attempt that the Master made to explain his purpose of departure only proved a new evidence of his desire to stay; until at length, instead of bidding her farewell, he gave his faith to her for ever, and received her troth in return. The whole passed so suddenly, and arose so much out of the immediate impulse of the moment, that ere the Master of Ravenswood could reflect upon the consequences of the step which he had taken, their lips, as well as their hands, had pledged the sincerity of their affection." That is all. The great scene of the book is dismissed in a paragraph! They then begin to talk business, like two stock-brokers. It is as if in the play (which, to do justice to the Lyceum, is far finer than the novel) Mr. Irving and Miss Terry had their love-scene behind a screen, so that the audience could not see them. It is as if Mr. Stanley, in "In Darkest Africa," merely remarked in a foot-note, "By the way, it was about this time that I found Emin." What are we to say of a novelist who makes a great parade of his forces when he is starting off on his expedition, and then lays down his arms at first sight of the enemy? What an opportunity Scott had in this story! How miserably he fails to rise equal to it! When I think of what Ouida might have done with Edgar Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton I have no heart to write another word. Yet, I think, I have already shown conclusively why there is need for lady novelists. May they double in number yearly.

* Doubtless Ouida is truly great, but we really cannot remember her without a peer.—ED. SPEAKER.

THE AFTERGLOWS OF AUTUMN.

AUTUMN! How many blended elements are comprehended in that name! There is fruition, but also the sense of approaching decay. The glorious result of spring's sowing and summer's maturing is here; but the feeling of the nearing chills of winter and the long waiting until nature's resurrection-day in spring are not without pain. The freshness of the foliage is gone; June's sweetly tender green leaves are bronzed; but the harder air is the more exhilarating to the sportsman, who requires bracing up for the coming winter's close work in town. Everywhere we find

> "Autumn laying here and there
> A fiery finger on the leaves."

Now winged seeds ride upon the air like insects, armed with grapnels to seize what comes first within their reach. Now the spider executes its curious network, which from the branches hangs in early morn studded with crystal forms. Wearily the bees move from flower to flower; for now the flowers are fading, and the honey of nature's passion is drying up.

The beauty of the season is charming. As the sun throws its departing glory on the western sky, and flushes the heavens with glorious afterglow, so the departing year throws before it the grandeur of autumn to ward off depression and discontent. There is the rich burnished bronze of the oak; other trees are red, of many tints up to the gaudiest scarlet; or yellow, from the wan gold of the primrose to the deep orange of the tiger-lily; or purple, from light lilac to the dark velvet of the pansy. All the hues are so blended and softened together in parts, that in a copse we cannot tell where one begins and another ends. It is nature's spectrum, inimitably grand.

At no season of the year are the sunsets more glorious; never do the clouds hang with such gaudy colouring of red and gold. No phenomenon in nature can compare with the brilliant transformation-scene of an autumn afterglow, as in the evening it flushes up the eastern horizon with rich roseate hue, tinges the zenith clouds with glory, leaving in the flushed west, "islands all lovely in an emerald sea;" and then deepening into bright crimson, brings out into bold relief the circlet of flaming mountain-peaks, as if a great conflagration were below the horizon.

Some years ago commenced the most brilliant autumn afterglows that have ever been witnessed in this country. They have continued with gradually decreasing grandeur, though still they are glorious. Their appearance has arrested the attention of the physicist, and has given rise to much speculation as to the cause of the remarkable colouring. What is the source of the immense wealth of the various shades of red which observers in different parts of the country have so much admired? Lately we saw it to perfection. After the sun had gone below the horizon, the clouds in the east suddenly became tinged with hectic light to the zenith, whereas in the west they had more of a neutral tint; while, below that, the rich ruddy, fairylike light clothed all the trees with a golden sheen. What lightened up the *eastern* clouds with colour? Was the effect produced by the light becoming coloured in its passage through the atmosphere by an excess of water-vapour in the air? Or was it the result of a super-abundance of atmospheric dust due to the late tremendous eruptions of volcanoes? Overhead, deep unfathomable blue possessed the cloudless sky; and as the lower stratum of air in the western sky, with its larger particles of dust which reflect white light, ceased to be illuminated, the depth and fulness of the blue above became more intense. Gradually, as the eye descended from the deep blue canopy, it observed the softening of the blue into the green. Here and there the wonderful greenness of a clear space in the sky became intensified by contrast with the rose-coloured clouds which enveloped it.

It has now been conclusively demonstrated that the air is densely impregnated with dust. Near a large town there are millions of dust-particles in a cubic inch of the air; and in very clear districts, far away from the pollution of towns, there are still thousands in the cubic inch. Now dust is the cause of the glorious colours of the sunsets. It may come from the sea-brine, or town-smoke, or dissolved meteors ever being attracted into the earth's atmosphere. When we look into the clear blue sky overhead, we see the light selectively reflected from small particles of dust, which scatter the colours of short wave-lengths, and the blue alone is visible. But when we lower our eyes in any direction (not towards the sun), we observe the blue gradually changing to blue-green and rose colour. The light which enters the atmosphere from the west has had much of its blue thrown out by reflection before it has reached the part of the northern sky into which we are looking, and is, therefore, destitute of blue. But where the particles of dust are not large enough to reflect the red, green only is reflected by the sky; the red passing on to the clouds far to the east of us. Some of the most beautiful and delicate rose tints, too, are formed by the air cooling, and depositing its moisture on the dust-particles. The increased size of these particles arrests and scatters the red rays when the haze glows with a strange aurora-like light.

As the sun sinks, the temperature of the air begins to fall, and the particles in the *east* first lose the sun, being thus first cooled. Accordingly the rays in that direction are least sifted by the large water-clad particles of dust, and the *red* colour is there more distinct than in the north and south. The particles overhead, also, become gradually cooler, and attract the water-vapour; they, too, increase in size, pass overhead, and descend in the west to form the aurora afterglow. In autumn sunsets, when the lower air is generally chilly, even down to hoar-frost, the water-clad particles get frozen, and the red light streams with rare brilliancy, causing all reddish and coloured objects to glow with a stronger brightness. We see the dead beech leaves glowing with a rare lustre, and all the red-tiled roofs or red sandstone gables of the houses shining out brilliantly, as if painted with vermilion.

These afterglows, then, that charm us in autumn, are caused by the presence of an infinite number of dust-particles in the air—"the gay motes that people the sunbeams." The greater the amount of these particles, the more the western sky is illuminated at sunset, and the longer is the twilight. The western afterglow is caused by the transmitted light being reflected to the earth by small dust-crystals floating in the air; and long after the sun has sunk below the green and billowy horizon, these suspended particles make the heavens brilliantly luminous in reflected glory. Strange is it that the grandeur of the heavens in the afterglows which follow in the train of autumn's setting sun depends for its very existence, as well as for its unrivalled display, on dust-particles and water-vapour. Yet how simple are all the elements of beauty in nature when carefully analysed.

"RAVENSWOOD" AT THE LYCEUM.

IN laying hands upon a masterpiece of fiction the playwright runs a double risk. It is never an easy task to transfer the interest of a novel to the stage, to reconstruct in a special atmosphere and under special laws a story which was originally created under totally different conditions. This difficulty is enormously enhanced when the story is already rooted in the popular imagination, when its characters hang in the perpetual picture-gallery

of the mind, and when its diction has passed into the common speech. But in seeking material for a play in "The Bride of Lammermoor" Mr. Herman Merivale must have had quite a different set of misgivings. This romance is in no sense a masterpiece. It was written during a severe illness, which compelled Scott to dictate the greater part of it—a method of composition which delighted "good Laidlaw," the amanuensis, but was fatal to a work of art. Lockhart tells us with pride that Scott never "boggled" over a sentence. Ben Jonson regretted that Shakespeare could not blot a line: and in the same judicial spirit we may lament that the great Story-Teller of our century had little artistic sense of language, that he wrote much slipshod English, and sometimes took small pains even to make his characters consistent and his narrative coherent. "The Bride of Lammermoor" has few of Scott's best qualities, and all his worst defects. The interest is frittered away by sheer disregard of proportion. The humours of Caleb Balderstone are carried to extravagant farce, and the most lifelike scene in the book is Bucklaw's half-manly, half-shamefaced proposal to Lucy. Never was a tragic hero so badly treated by his creator as Edgar Ravenswood. What with stilted rhetoric and sham philosophy, the young man has scarcely a natural moment. His declaration to Lucy, the abasement of his pride before this vision of beauty and gentleness, the conquest of revengeful passion by his love for the daughter of his enemy, the very elements, in short, which should make the most powerful and moving climax, are dwarfed into almost ludicrous triviality. Scott seems to have been so alarmed lest the natural feelings of his hero and heroine should run counter to the conventional proprieties of the times that he leaves them almost speechless. To crown all, by one of the most astounding blunders that ever disfigured the work of a great writer, he deliberately destroys the illusion of a love on which stands the whole fabric of the romance. "If, indeed, they had as fully appreciated each other's character before the burst of passion in which they hastily pledged their faith to each other"—never, by the way, was "a burst of passion" so frigidly enacted—"Lucy might have feared Ravenswood too much ever to have loved him, and he might have construed her softness and docile temper as imbecility, unworthy of his regard." Such a piece of analysis, thrust in at such a moment, is as disastrous as the intrusion of Mr. Henry James into a fairy-tale.

It is clear, then, that Mr. Merivale's difficulties were very different from those which might have been expected to assail a dramatist in such a case. It is doubtful whether he should have altered the catastrophe so far as to make Ravenswood kill Bucklaw, instead of letting Lucy, in her maniacal frenzy, stab her bridegroom on the wedding-night. Here the original is distinctly superior in grimness to the somewhat hackneyed duel between the rivals. But Mr. Merivale has done the story two striking services. He has brought the faithful Caleb's romances about his master's larder within reasonable bounds. But, above all, the love scene between Edgar and Lucy is made human, simple, sincere, and touching. To produce this most refreshing effect Mr. Merivale has, of course, discarded the young lady of the novel, who is too much oppressed by the manners and customs of her period to have any mind of her own. The new Lucy stands in no awe of her father, and she does not treat her lover as if she were mortally afraid of falling out of the chronology of etiquette. Though she fears her mother, she has spirit enough to proclaim her love before the whole conclave of kinsfolk. Perhaps it is not quite credible that a girl who showed so much resolution would allow herself to be cowed into a hateful marriage, and would never suspect that her lover's long silence was her mother's fraud. In this respect Scott's Lucy is consistent, though wholly uninteresting. But the Lyceum Lucy is so frank and womanly, she plights her troth with so much grace and sweetness, Mr. Irving touches the gloomy dignity of Ravenswood with such genuine tenderness and simplicity, and the parting of the lovers amidst the cheers and counter-cheers of the clansmen makes so spirited a picture, that if all the play were equal to this Mr. Merivale would have achieved a remarkable success. Unfortunately, there are some incongruities which he has not entirely mastered. The story is so much compressed that it is not always perfectly plain. The relations between Edgar's father and Sir William Ashton are scarcely explicit. It is not made quite clear why the funeral rites over old Ravenswood's body in the first act are illegal, nor why Sir William and his daughter should arrive in the midst of the brawl. To people unfamiliar with the novel there can be no reason in the world why Lucy Ashton should wear a mask when she and her father take shelter from the storm in Edgar's castle. The mask was worn by Scottish ladies in those times when they went hunting; but as this cannot be explained in the play, it seems a needless confusion to introduce it. A more serious point is the suddenness with which Edgar renounces his revenge on hearing that Sir William Ashton has pleaded his cause at Court, an assumption not particularly well founded, and dramatically ineffective. The change in Edgar's mind is due to his dawning love, and this might be more skilfully indicated than by the frustration of his attempt to force Lucy's father to a duel, when he chances to catch sight of her picture. A graver fault is the manner in which Lucy's life is saved. Scott could think of nothing more striking than the shooting of a bull, and Mr. Merivale does not improve upon this by making Edgar fire the shot from a window. This blot on the first night's performance has, however, been removed, and now Mr. Irving rushes out with his weapon, shoots the enraged animal off the stage, and bears the lady back in his arms. That, at least, is preferable to a device which did not make an impressive appeal to the eye, and tickled the humour of the sportsmen in the pit. It is well that Mr. Irving has modified this situation, so as to prevent an unseemly laugh at a tragic moment.

But when all deductions have been made, much remains in the play to claim our admiration. The dialogue is simple, vigorous, and distinguished now and then by a happy phrase or a striking image. "Womanhood was foreign to me save yourself," says Edgar, when he comes to claim Lucy's troth, and she reproaches him with "the foreign woman" he was reported to have wooed. Miss Terry's mute despair, and the simple pathos of her death, are very moving; and Mr. Irving has seldom played with more concentrated power than in the closing scenes. Edgar Ravenswood has hitherto been associated in the popular mind with the robust tenor in the Italian opera who turns a dramatic situation to ridicule with a high chest-note. It is well that a striking figure in the drama should be rescued from this absurdity, and invested with a dignified tradition. Moreover, Mr. Irving has enriched Mr. Merivale's play with one of those rare touches of imagination which make him a master of all the arts of dramatic expression. The last tableau, which represents Caleb Balderstone gazing with horror and grief into the quicksand where his beloved master has been engulfed, is probably the finest piece of purely pictorial drama that has been seen on our stage. Mr. Merivale has shown much discernment in making Caleb's devotion the last chord of the play. To Mr. Mackintosh falls the difficult task of conveying the tragedy on the quicksands to the imagination of the audience; and his agonised entreaty to his master, who is riding to destruction, is a great tribute to this excellent actor's skill and experience. And the final picture of the remorseless Kelpie's Flow, in which the last Lord of Ravenswood has stabled his steed, will not easily be forgotten.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXI.—On the Underground.

IT has always seemed to me to be more romantic to go by the Underground Railway than to take the 'bus. Consequently, I generally take the 'bus. But there are times when I come fresh from the perusal of some modern novel, in which the hero has black hair, and knows a good deal about hypnotism; on these occasions I do feel that the Underground is much less incongruous. It is true that the routine of the booking-office tends to lower the whole proceeding to the level of a commonplace commercial transaction; but one cannot see a train emerging slowly from the darkness and vanishing into darkness again, without recalling to one's mind William Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality; and, to me personally, the mere fact that I do not know for certain whether or not I change at Gloucester Road makes the journey seem mysterious and even hazardous.

There are many respects in which a station on the Underground resembles all other stations. The guard shows the same supernatural grace and agility in entering his van while the train is in motion. The boy from Smith's bookstall displays the same enthusiasm in his efforts to sell the latest edition. There are advertisements and there are time-tables. The automatic machine here, as elsewhere, pleads with the young man with silent eloquence, tempting him to drop in one penny and take one packet of butter-scotch, and leaving him afterwards to wonder what on earth he shall do with it. But there is very little luggage. I have stood at Euston, and watched the piles of luggage disgorged on to the platform, and attempted sometimes to conjecture the man from his portmanteau. I have been uniformly unsuccessful, but the pastime pleases me. Here one has to conjecture the portmanteau from the man. In the case of that gentleman who twists a little black moustache, makes his own cigarettes, and wishes to know if he is right for "San Jemms' Pa-r-r-k," I should expect to find a battered Gladstone bag still bearing the labels of foreign hotels. Of course, I can never know that my conjecture is right, but that is better than always knowing that my conjecture is wrong, which is my fate at stations not on the Underground.

I am always interested in the advertisements. "Early to bed and early to rise is useless unless you advertise," says the American proverb; but it is quite impossible to think that these advertisements are posted on each side of the line from any selfish motive. They cannot be merely utilitarian, because one passes too quickly to read the whole of them. "Hang your Venetians!" is a line which I have read frequently while travelling in the Underground, and yet it was only the other day that I discovered its full import. At first sight it looks like the cry of some bloodthirsty Italian patriot, but on reading the rest of the advertisement I found that it only referred to a particular way of fixing blinds, which the advertiser desired to recommend. In all probability these advertisements are put here from æsthetic motives, to break the long line of blank wall, and to please the eye. The English sky is not what it should be, and our advertisers probably wished to improve and diversify it when they erected sky-signs. But I do protest against the beautiful girl-child of fourteen, with flaxen hair, tight boots, and a short pink frock, holding up a packet to an amazed and ecstatic mother. The packet may be cocoa, or soap, or pills, or baking powder; but the girl's remark to her mother always begins with, "See, mamma!" and this is maddening.

The compartments which do not quite reach to the top of the carriage are a nuisance, because they often make the man in one compartment the unwilling audience of confidences which are being interchanged in another. The other day the average young man and average young woman got into the compartment next to mine at South Kensington.

"Emma!" he said.

I coughed, but he would not notice it.

"Emma, Hemma," he went on, "spike to me."

Then I coughed in a way which might have unlinked carriages and disordered the signals at Sloane Street. It had its effect. Before we left South Kensington he was discussing Mr. Irving's Louis XI., and saying some very bitter things about the dramatic critics. It is only safe to discuss impersonal subjects on the Underground. Most passengers know this; and, if they wish to speak of intimate and secret subjects, they do so with a certain care and reservation. Here is a conversation:

"That matter I was speaking to you about on Tuesday night—anything settled?"

"Well, I saw 'im, yer know."

"What, the old man?"

"No, the son. He awsd me to 'ave a glass of wine—sherry wine—but I wasn't to be got over that way."

"What did yer say?"

"Say? I said no-thankyer. I told 'im I didn't drink so early in the mornin'. Then I tackled 'im about the—*you* know—an' 'e 'adn't a word to say."

"An' what did 'e do?"

"Caved in, regler caved in. He just give me the —the what I wanted, yer know. I wasn't sarcastic exactly, but I let 'im see that I knew what 'e was, and that settled 'im."

It is very low and very despicable, but I felt distinctly curious to know what all this was about.

One idea always haunts me on the Underground. I always remember that up above me the traffic is passing. Men are working, or loving, or sleeping, and under their feet I am passing on some commonplace errand. They do not know it; I am near them, but they do not regard me. I feel like some natural law which works in secrecy and darkness, taking effect at last in the sudden earthquake or eruption. A feeling as grand as this is very cheap at the price charged for a return ticket from Earl's Court to the Temple. I am not quite as disastrous as a natural law, but I am for a time as secret and as dark. It is in the solitude on the outskirts of the crowd that one realises best what the crowd really means. When I am in the midst of the bustle of the Strand I forget the people around me. When, in the solitude of a carriage on the Underground Railway, I am near them and yet apart from them, I think most of their vast significance; of the merchant in millions returning from too good a lunch, of the street-vendor of some toy anxious over every penny, of the hurry of special editions and the leisure of the classes who purchase them. Here within but few yards of me are every class and grade of society, close together locally, immeasurably apart really. How long will this age of terrible contrasts last?

"Temple!" Once more I am in the crowd, and intent on nothing but my own private and particular business.

THE WEEK.

Public attention has been called, in the *British Weekly*, to the extraordinary device which Professor Tyndall has adopted at his house at Hind Head for the purpose of shutting out from his view certain hateful objects—to wit, the houses of his neighbours. It is not, as the writer in the *British Weekly* imagines, to prevent his neighbours from spying upon his movements, but in order that his own eyes may not be offended by the dwellings of his fellow-creatures, that the philosopher has disfigured the summit of Hind Head by erecting upon it a series of battlemented screens, somewhat short in height of the Monument, and at least as hideous as Queen Anne's Mansions. He wished to be a

hermit, and deluded himself with the notion that within half a mile of the Devil's Punch Bowl he might be absolutely solitary. Now that he finds that other people appreciate the air of Hind Head as much as he himself does, he has punished their intrusion in this grotesque fashion. It is only after seeing these vast erections that one can fully understand the vehemence of PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S language on politics.

HIND HEAD was not long ago re-christened Mind Head by a clever lady, who remembered the number of men and women of eminence in science and letters who affect that delightful spot. The district round Haslemere is favoured above most others by the preference which many of our greatest intellectual workers have shown for it. TENNYSON, TYNDALL, and GEORGE ELIOT are not the only well-known names associated with the heath-clad hills and downs in the midst of which Haslemere nestles. To be able to live amid the most beautiful scenery of Surrey, and to have London within a journey of a hundred minutes, is not a small privilege, and it is one which the brain-workers of to-day manifestly appreciate.

ALTHOUGH the company at the Lyceum last Saturday was a brilliant one, including many men of real eminence, as well as a large number of the merely notorious, it did not present quite so great a show of celebrities as one usually sees on a first night at that historic theatre. Neither MR. IRVING nor *Ravenswood* was to be blamed for this fact. It was all the fault of the weather. The first three weeks of September have been so exceptionally lovely that they have tempted many holiday-makers to prolong their sojourn abroad. This explained the absence of some of the most regular attendants at Lyceum first nights.

AS usual, MR. IRVING received his friends on the stage after the close of the performance. The great actor was delighted with *Ravenswood*, and did not allow those with whom he chatted to remain in ignorance of his admiration of the play. Nothing could have been more generously unstinted than his praise of MR. MERIVALE'S work. And yet some of the praise, even for the play, belonged rather to the actor-manager than to the author. MR. IRVING'S own was the happy idea, carried out just before the fall of the curtain, of making a separate scene —one might almost call it a poem without words —of CALEB BALDERSTONE'S despairing clutch at the feather which is all the ruthless quicksand has spared of his much-loved master. It was the finishing touch to the play, and it was unquestionably a touch of genius.

FOR the ghost of SCOTT (in whatever pleasant corner of the Shades fine feeling and good fellowship are united) the week has been a somewhat chequered one. His Lyceum triumphs have been a little marred by the deplorable story of one "W. J." in the *Scotsman* concerning a visit to Abbotsford. "I found," says "W. J.," "that the approach to Abbotsford was by a back slum, which ends in something like a butler's pantry, where one has a shilling to pay." The "shilling to pay" is inevitable; but think of the feelings of SCOTT'S ghost at mention of the back slum and the butler's pantry! Not by these approaches assuredly did visitors reach the Wizard of the North, when he and Abbotsford were in their splendid prime. But there is worse to follow according to "W. J." He had for guide "an apparently careless, uneducated girl," who poked the "curiosities" at him with a pointing-rod, and discoursed of them "in the cheap-jack style." Only "one or two" rooms were shown to him, and after he had been given "the merest glance of the Tweed from a window-pane," they put him out again—by the butler's pantry. "W. J." inquires, more in sorrow than in wrath, whether this should be? No, it seems a little less than proper. Abbotsford is still the Mecca of many thousands of English-speaking people —from every quarter of the globe—who are of MR. RUSKIN'S way of thinking as to the worth of SCOTT; and it is not thus that the pilgrims to the shrine should be received. The "shilling to pay" must be acquiesced in; but the back slum, the butler's pantry, and the apparently careless girl ought to be summarily disposed of. Is there no descendant of CALEB BALDERSTONE who would do the honours of the Abbotsford of to-day as the master of Abbotsford would have wished them done?

ONE of DION BOUCICAULT'S characteristics was that he made engagements to write plays which he was never able to keep. Remonstrances had no effect, and when the aggrieved people went to see him he received them with a dignity which struck them dumb. An American manager used to relate how he called on BOUCICAULT one day and found a well-known actress there on the same errand. Both were enraged, and they harangued the peccant playwright in turn. But as he was sitting on a kind of platform, as if he were chairman at a meeting, and surveyed them with an air of icy indifference, their wrath gradually evaporated, and they stumbled, and became quite apologetic. At last DION rose, and made them a speech in which he proved that they were the most unreasonable persons that ever lived, that he was a man of the most punctilious habits, and that the pieces he had engaged to supply, and had not produced a line of, were as good as written. Upon this the deputation went away feeling very crestfallen, and MR. BOUCICAULT resumed his occupation with the look of a magistrate who had dismissed an idle mob.

MR. GILBERT HIGHTON is not exactly known to fame, but for some time he has been preparing a "treatise" on *Macbeth*, especially in relation to the performance of the tragedy at the Lyceum. Ever and anon a mysterious allegory, purporting to be the frontispiece of this momentous work, has fluttered over editorial heads. In this picture a number of symbolical figures are engaged in some unintelligible occupation which appears to have given one of them a severe headache. MR. HIGHTON is occasionally heard of in theatrical circles as the sole depository of the tradition of PHELPS, whose elocution in any passages of SHAKESPEARE he is benevolently ready to impart to the most casual audience. MR. HIGHTON may rest assured that the world is waiting for his much-announced volume with a chastened curiosity.

IN the English version of *A Struggle for Life*, M. DAUDET'S absurdities about Darwinism are unfortunately retained, though they have nothing whatever to do with the story. The play is, however, a good deal more interesting than the original, which was simply tedious; and MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER and MISS GENEVIEVE WARD endeavour, not without success, to give vitality to conceptions which are scarcely remarkable for truth to nature.

M. SARDOU is very angry. He never said that SHAKESPEARE "*n'a pas le moindre talent.*" That is a miserable invention, and he says rather neatly that every journalist who justifies a repetition of the legend on the ground that he never heard of M. SARDOU'S denial, "*n'a pas le droit de connaître l'accusation et d'ignorer la défense.*" At the same time M. SARDOU admits that SHAKESPEARE'S statue in Paris offends him. It occupies a position which belongs by right to CORNEILLE. Does this patriotic discontent portend mischief to the image of the Englishman? Should any misunderstanding ever

disturb the *entente cordiale* between England and France, will M. SARDOU head a band of iconoclasts against the intruder?

ANOTHER monthly review! This time it is the *Paternoster Review*, price sixpence, which awaits a welcome at the hands of the reading public. There can be no doubt as to the presentableness of its outward aspect, whilst it comes before us with a strong list of contributors, and a first number which deals with many interesting topics. LORD RIPON writes on India, MR. KEGAN PAUL on CANON LIDDON, DR. MCWEENY on the Potato Blight, and MR. GEORGE LANE FOX on the Primrose League—subjects on which such writers may certainly claim to be experts. That the article on "The Pawnbroker and the Poor" is from the pen of MR. BALL is, we presume, only a coincidence, and not another instance of the resolve of the editor to make names and subjects fit.

THE American humorist seems reduced to a low ebb. His latest device is to write a book with a title which has nothing whatever to do with it. "Never hit a man named Sullivan" runs this legend. The humour of the device is not apparent, and its attraction from the advertisement point of view is more than dubious.

LORD RADNOR'S pictures, recently acquired by the Trustees of the National Gallery, have been the great attraction at Trafalgar Square during the past week. Opinions differ (among the humble people who enter the National Gallery with the fear of MR. WATTS before them) as to the merits of the Holbein and Morone; but there can be none as to the superlative excellence of the Velasquez. Such vigour, such colour, such life-like realism impress alike the artist and the amateur, and add a new and real attraction to the many already brought together in Trafalgar Square.

THE letter from SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON on the management of art galleries has been followed by another from MR. WATTS. It attempts to correct undue haste in educating popular taste. "I think," says MR. WATTS, "galleries of pictures are more for those whose tastes have been awakened and in some degree formed than for those who have never given any attention to the subject. A taste for art, which means interest in all that is beautiful, must be sown, not planted. I think the only way to do anything capable of bearing real fruit would be to attack ignorance and indifference on the subject by getting a number of teachers no more capable of producing pictures than the majority of religious missionaries are capable of being bishops, but who would take the children in schools, or such operatives as might be willing to spend an hour of their holiday time in listening, and demonstrate the wonders and beauty of some of the common objects around."

READERS who are familiar with MR. BARKER'S researches into the intellectuals of the School Board child, will, on reading MR. WATTS'S letter, recall many sentences that throw a lurid light on the need for such teaching as he indicates. Take, for instance, this famous passage on the Ocean: "So when the teacher told me that flat piece of green water was the ocheant, I felt as if I'd just come all for nothin'. I looked at it till I was uterly sick, and I should have set down and done a good cry, only I had to keep follerin' of the teacher, so I hadn't got time. At last I felt so riled that I went up and cote hold of the teacher's coat, and I said, 'Please, sir, can you make it jump a bit?' But he only laught and told me what a funny boy I was. I do beleeve he thought I was a kiddin' him. But I wasn't a kiddin' him at all. I only wanted to see the ocheant a carryin' on same as my mother told me it did. A lot of boys got some of the ocheant up in their hands and drunk it. You should have seed them spit it out like lightnin'. I wouldn't touch none of the ocheant, I was so riled."

AND soon there follows a passage that demonstrates the usefulness of MR. WATTS'S suggestions. "I sometimes draw ships and then colour them yeller and blue with my penny box of paints. I can draw steamers best, becose you haven't to draw no sails. . . . Before I seed the ocheant I used to make fishes swimming all round the steamer; *but I don't now, becose I never seed one fish swimming round them steamers at Portsmouth, much less chivyin' one another.* It makes me riled to *have to leave them out, but what's the use of putting them in if they're not there?* The lesson you have to learn is, always be kind to sailors, and not to say as the sea can jump as high as the clouds when it can only just shift about like shavins." These last sentences clinch MR. WATTS'S argument.

As for the adult operatives, whom MR. WATTS would instruct, their attitude towards art has been neatly illustrated in that chapter of "The Hand of Ethelberta," where the brothers Dan and Sol, working carpenters, are taken by their educated sister to see the Royal Academy's Exhibition.

> "Catalogue in hand, she took them through the galleries, teaching them in whispers as they walked, and occasionally correcting them—first, for too reverential a bearing towards the well-dressed crowd, among whom they persisted in walking with their hats in their hands, and with the contrite bearing of meek people in church; and, secondly, for a tendency which they too often showed towards straying from the contemplation of the pictures as art to indulge in curious speculations on the intrinsic nature of the delineated subject, the gilding of the frames, the construction of the skylights, or admiration for the bracelets, lockets, and lofty eloquence of persons around them."

PICTURE galleries are good, and so are noble public buildings. But of all English provincial towns, Taunton has chosen, to our mind, the most pleasing way of expressing the graces of citizenship. For many years MR. R. A. KINGLAKE has been turning the Shire Hall of Taunton into a valhalla of Somerset worthies—and they are a notable company. The bust of BLAKE, the admiral, is there; of JOHN LOCKE; of HENRY FIELDING. PYM is there, and BISHOP KEN; EDWIN NORRIS, the philologist; SPEKE, the explorer, and many more. It is now suggested, says the writer of "Notes in the West" in the *Western Morning News*, that some memorial of KING ALFRED should be added, for although the good king was not born in Somerset, his greatest achievements are associated with that county.

A WINDOW in his honour has just been placed in the fine Somerset Church at Wedmore. It was here that ALFRED lived and made his famous treaty with the Danes. Not far away, on the southern fringe of Sedgemoor, stands the little hill of Athelney, where, in times when the hill was an islet, hidden by willows and alders in a network of swamps, he found refuge for many months from his enemies, and where he founded an Abbey in his gratitude. It is a curious hillock in a curious country; and the rare pedestrian who finds his way to the small grey monument on its summit looks on a land that has more than one recompense for his trouble. "The flat plain, with its broad drains or rhines, its lines of pollard willows, its huge patches of withy beds, its roads and rich pasture fields divided by deep ditches instead of hedges, is a veritable Holland in miniature." Ely is known to many, and Runnymede to more; but Athelney is neglected. And yet the ground whence sprang the first hope of English unity has claims to reverence as great as Ely or Runnymede.

THE annual conference of the Library Association at Reading last week has given a slight and much-needed fillip to the free-library movement. MR. GEORGE WHALE, who read a paper on Library Legislation, discussed the value and efficiency of the popular vote, and concluded that no amendment of the law as to public libraries "could possibly be satisfactory which, where there were suitable local bodies to administer the law, left this question to be a matter of special and separate voting on the part of the ratepayers." His audience seemed to be of the same opinion, and there is little doubt that the majority of those who are concerned in advocating the free or public library movement are coming to the conviction that the method of the popular vote is, and always has been, a failure. It is forty years since the Ewart Bill was passed, and during that time the popular vote has given us only a poor two hundred public libraries. Austria has nearly three times that number, France has five hundred, Germany nearly four hundred, and in Italy—where the memories of the deadening tyranny of "Bomba" are barely a generation old—there are four and a half millions of volumes (to say nothing of manuscripts) in four hundred and ninety-three public libraries! But in these countries it is the State and not the popular vote which decides the question; and we, too, may be nearing the day when our local governing bodies will make less ado (despite the opposition of some parsons and most publicans) about adding a penny to the rates for the establishment of public libraries than they do nowadays about sticking up a new lamp-post, or spending five shillings on patching an asphalte path.

WHILE Cambridge is the home of fact—at best a dull thing—Oxford has been called the home of fads. Politer people call it the home of movements. Within the last ten years, "philanthropy," the gentle distemper of untrained minds, has, with its excitement and expenses, excluded from the gaze all other movements, and in the philanthropy of this decade Oxford has taken no small originating part. From Oxford have come Toynbee Hall, a Church House in Stepney, and other residences for undergraduates in East London. From Oxford have come not a few of the new economic ideas. From Oxford, filtered of its solid elements, comes the philosophy of a popular novel. Social reform, with its accompanying ideals, has made Oxford its abiding-place of late. Under these circumstances it is perhaps well, both for Oxford and for social reform, that next week a congress of Charity Organisation Societies is to meet in that ancient and beautiful city to sift its ideas and to give shape to its philanthropy. Ignorant people and swindlers dislike the Charity Organisation Society, the former because they understand it ill, the latter because it understands them well. But, whatever imperfections it may have, at least the world owes something to a body which will not permit its ideas or actions to be flabby, and which forces the unwise to think what their good-nature really means.

AMONG the movements which owe something to the philanthropic impulse at Oxford, University Extension has a place, and it may not be incongruous to mention a rather notable triumph over old prejudices which University Extension has lately won there. With a fine disregard of its poverty and its own scarcity of dons, Balliol has bestowed a Fellowship on the most prominent and devoted of the lecturers on the Oxford University Extension staff, and has thus set a precedent for the endowment of these missionary teachers. Happily it is grossly and grotesquely untrue, as some oversilly person wrote to the press the other day, that every young Balliol man is a prophet! But the distinction bestowed on MR. HUDSON SHAW is evidence that Balliol is alive to the success of this last Oxford movement, and that at least some of the University authorities regard that success with encouragement and not with fear.

MANY have spoken this week of LORD PENRHYN'S political escapade. But it was not only on politics that he made an exhibition of himself in his speech last Monday. He "trusted that he should live to see the day when the Eisteddfodd would be one worthy of being attended by the highest nobles in the land." Now the Eisteddfodd is, according to LORD PENRHYN'S own definition, "an institution meant for the encouragement of literature, art, and music." So, possibly, we may soon learn from this egregious person that MILTON'S "Paradise Lost" (let us say) is worthy of being perused by the highest nobles in our island —aye, even by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE himself!

ARCADIA-SUR-MER.

A FRIEND who moves in military circles in France assured me the other day that the French are as bitter as ever against England, and that the smouldering enmity of the truce may break at any moment into the flame of open war. Here in Boulogne (which seems like a suburb of Folkestone), I see nothing but the most perfect amity between the two nations. No Frenchman scowls at the sons of perfidious Albion, and my countrymen do not wear that "you-be-hanged" air which is the traditional British bearing in foreign parts. Indeed, there is a happy blending of Briton and Gaul which an optimist might regard as an augury of the brotherhood of man. I am inclined to this pacific speculation by the domestic felicity of my *pension*, where all the visitors are gathered like chicks under the wing of the maternal hen. In the early morning the atmosphere is somewhat stormy. We gaze with apprehension from the courtyard at a window where a white curtain is violently agitated now and then, and the piercing voice of the invisible oracle flutters the white caps of the chambermaids, and sends the swallow-tail coat of Joseph streaming through a doorway. But after these alarms comes a great calm, and at lunch Madame adorns the head of the table with an expansive person and a motherly smile, and after dinner departing guests are favoured with minute inquiries about their health, and sometimes a chaste salute on both cheeks. When I see this I defy the military circles to do their worst, and I feel that my bill will be a new treaty of peace between France and England.

Then the sea is a great soother of animosities. When the next European Congress strives to unravel the knots which are too likely to be cut by the sword, the diplomatists should assemble at Boulogne, and hold their most acute conferences in the water. Who knows that the sight of a bouncing English lass in a becoming bathing costume might not soften the heart of the most bellicose statesman? I have two young women in my eye at this moment who combine the physical vigour of their nation with the unconventionality of the mermaid. Mrs. Grundy, in the shape of a mature and stranded spinster, occasionally gasps at the spectacle, but what can be more captivating than the innocent daring of these daughters of the ocean? After all, the sea is the only true Republic, in which dignities are nought and manners are simple; and if these girls are descended from some hardy Norseman, they must rejoice the ghost of their ancestor as well as the compatriot who is watching the sport. Quite as wonderful, though rather terrifying, is their performance at Caveng's in the evening, after the dance at the Casino. Caveng is an obliging pastry-cook who allows his customers to help themselves to his

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

dainties, and make out their accounts after the foray. The Parisian journalist may denounce the English as robbers, but Caveng trusts his tarts to their sense of honour. Here the hardy Norsewomen wind up the day with an orgie of pastry, which is sometimes succeeded by fried potatoes. Who will say that our race is degenerating when girls can perform these feats of strength? I care nothing for your swimmers and your strong men who lift horses; they may excite the wonder of the gaping idler; but the man who, like Mr. Grant Allen, has his eye on posterity, and concerns himself with the well-being of future mothers, hails the young woman who spends the morning in the sea, dances half the night, and eats sixteen tarts before bed-time, as a great power for the good of her species.

And the Casino! This, indeed, is the temple of peace. Here the Englishman forgets that he has ever denounced the demoralising institutions of France. Here the Englishwoman who lays down the law and the gospel at home, and shows no mercy to the backslider, smiles placidly at the *tableaux vivants*, and sometimes stakes a franc on the *chemin de fer*. I saw Thompson—Thompson the model of severe rectitude—furtively putting a small coin on the red; and when he won, Mrs. T., who was by his side, and whose lectures to the froward are famous, did not rebuke him. But presently Thompson lost the small coin and several more, and then Mrs. T. pulverised him with a look, and sailed out of the room. I have no doubt that a certain circle in Clapham will be agitated for some time to come by tales of "those dreadful French, my dear!" An Irish member who had witnessed the Thompson episode, turned to me and said, "I hope ye'll write and denounce this *shmany de fur*. Shure and I've lost two francs." In the political world this Irish member is a man of strife, but here he is as amiable as a classic shepherd. He eyes the chief of police (who gravely maintains order with assistance of a pretty daughter), and yet he is never disturbed by a fierce reminiscence of the constabulary of his native land. He watches the dancers in the ball-room as if he were thanking heaven that these are proceedings which he need not interrupt. I really believe he would throw himself into the arms of the Speaker, if that august personage were here, and conjure him to let bygones be bygones.

Such is the humanising influence of the *grand bal de famille*. In England we should not dream of going to a tenpenny ball, but here we take our pleasure for this modest sum. Does not the family consecrate the most frivolous amusement? I have heard of a family hotel in Boulogne where the children play the piano on the landing, and the youth of both sexes flirt on the stairs. At the Casino the children represent the sacredness of the domestic hearth by entangling themselves with the waltzers. "Why can't we have family casinos in England? And why is a harmless frolic for tenpence forbidden to well-conducted maidens?" Perhaps these questions are passing through the minds of some excellent matron, who cannot believe that the youngsters disporting themselves on the floor are little demons of iniquity. But then she remembers the *chemin de fer* and the baccarat table, without which M. Hirschler could not afford to give family balls at a franc a head, and exhibit luminous fountains for the gratification of babies of all ages. The poor man has to pay a very large sum to the Boulogne municipality before he can provide innocent diversions for upright visitors. It is a moral puzzle; but instead of trying to solve it, I refresh myself by watching one of my young Norsewomen waltzing with a fat little man, whose head scarcely reaches her shoulder. He looks as pleased as if he held the happiness of Europe in his arms, and as if statesmen and warriors surveyed him with envy.

These things convince me that I am not merely enjoying a holiday but performing a public duty. I am helping to preserve the peace of the world by subduing national prejudices. The native choler of the Briton is marvellously tamed. He scarcely chafes even when he is compelled to stand in a *queue* by the complicated bureaucracy which administers the bathing machines. I do not crave for news, but contentedly read the *Petit Journal*, which informs a million or two of subscribers that a hundred thousand people have died of thirst at Chicago. I have no temptation to laugh even when I meet a solemn procession of boy athletes, very thin in the legs, wearing red sashes, and walking to glory with the right hand on the right hip, and the stimulating music of a brass band. You are told that there is no beauty amongst the natives of Boulogne, but I buy a few sprats every day because Caroline is the belle of the fish-market. And if I want romance I remember that Caroline was shunned for a long time by her comrades because she married a man who did not belong to the haughty caste of the fishermen. Such are the simple joys of Arcadia-sur-Mer to a visitor who feels that he is a plenipotentiary and not a tourist.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—If you will allow me, I should like to explain to Mr. Morton that he has failed to apprehend my point, which is, that it is essential that the electorate should be distinctly informed whether the next Home Rule Bill contemplates merely a reversion to a former political arrangement or involves the extinction of the British Constitution and the substitution of a Federal system in its place.

The Home Rule Bill of 1886 proposed simply to revive the *status quo ante* 1782 in Ireland. It did not alter the Constitution of Great Britain into which Ireland was called in 1800. It was based on the belief that the Union with Ireland had failed, that it could not be continued, at least in its present form, without injury and demoralisation to the Imperial Parliament, and that the lesser evil was to give Ireland a statutory and subordinate Parliament and exclude her from representation in Westminster. Even this was, as THE SPEAKER lately observed, a change of "tremendous gravity," yet one of an entirely different character from that which Mr. Morton says the new Home Rule Bill will be. The retention of the Irish representatives at Westminster essentially alters the scheme of 1886. It is no longer a question of reverting to a formerly existing system, but of starting upon a wholly novel and untried system. The Bill of 1886, *plus* the retention of the Irish representatives at Westminster, obviously puts "the Constitution into the melting-pot;" indeed, one of your correspondents in the course of this discussion declared that this was its greatest merit. But to Mr. John Morley, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Spencer, not to mention many other followers of Mr. Gladstone, "the melting-pot" is anathema. Now, the country has a right to know, and the Opposition Front Bench is bound to tell the country, whether Mr. Gladstone's policy is a policy of "the melting-pot" or not. If we are going in for Federalism, let us, as Professor E. Freeman observed, go in for it with our eyes open at all events.

I think Mr. Morton does both Mr. John Morley and the late Mr. Bright a grave injustice when he states that they eagerly desired "the Empire to break up into a number of independent States." No doubt the "Cut-the-painter" policy was a fashionable Radical doctrine twenty-five years ago, and I may add that the fact that no one would dare to advocate it on a platform to-day is not altogether without a lesson for us in our present troubles.

E. D.

September 22nd, 1890.

SIR,—The correspondence which by your courtesy has appeared in THE SPEAKER for some weeks past would seem to have brought forth little or no agreement between the contending parties who have been participants in it. As the controversy grew in volume, strength, and age, the original points of difference grew fainter and fainter until they finally disappeared, and are now no longer brought out. Ordinary arguments, the simple logic of by-elections, and recurring secessions from the ranks of the leaders of the party, have failed completely in making any appreciable difference in the attitude of the Liberal Unionist leaders and their bearing to those with whom they had worked for years. Bitterness and rancour have been painfully conspicuous throughout. Nothing has been learnt by them from the controversy, and it is now hoping against hope to expect in these late days anything like conversion to happen to them. The great difference between the Liberal Unionists and the Conservatives is that the latter have never expressed any sort of doubt as to what Mr. Gladstone meant by his Home Rule policy. To them it was separation and disintegration of our Empire. And

it is morally certain they have a grand contempt for the pretended ignorance of their allies.

Mr. Asquith's demand for a defined and detailed policy from Mr. Gladstone is, to say the least of it, in abeyance. Nothing has been heard of it from Mr. Asquith lately. Taking Mr. J. Colquhoun Reade as a representative persistent Dissentient, and not individually, it should not be overlooked that he and his friends are in exactly the same spot in which they placed themselves when they defeated Mr. Gladstone's Bill. They have learnt nothing whatever from the controversy, although it is doubtful if any important project of legislation ever had in the past such a very exhaustive analysis as this Home Rule policy has received. There would of course be further discussion and analysis in Parliament. What more do the Liberal Unionists desire? Will they now say they concede the principle of Home Rule? Is there such a thing possible as a Liberal Unionist believing in Mr. Gladstone's ideas of what is required to do simple justice, to pacify and to govern Ireland rightly? That is the question for the Liberal Unionists to answer one and all. —Yours truly,

JAMES WALKER.

Birmingham, September 22nd, 1890.

ON AUTUMN'S VERGE.

THE sun has beamed his brightest overhead,
The meadow smiled its fairest at our feet;
Into lorn songlessness the birds retreat;
Her spoil the honey-bee has harvested.
Each day we find some cherished blossom dead,
Gaze on some waste till now aglow with wheat;
Summer, that seemed unalterably sweet,
Frowning has turned her face from us, and fled.
Then ah, to climb the cliff-land, and once more
Confront the exhilaration of the main!—
Content, afar from fields whose bloom is o'er,
And woods whose melody is on the wane,
To watch the unfading foam-flowers woo the shore,
And hear the tide's continuous refrain.

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, Sept. 26th, 1890.

MR. RADCLIFFE COOKE, the other day, wrote a book. He called it, happily enough, "Four Years in Parliament, with Hard Labour," and sent it round to various well-known publishers; who sent it to their readers; who returned it, with comments, to the well-known publishers; who shook their heads and assured the author that "it would be unwise to publish the book, as it was not likely to have a sale." He then offered it to the Incorporated Authors' Society, and found that the Society's reader was "only one of the professional publishers' readers over again." Mr. Cooke, still perplexed with reasonable doubts, printed the work at his own expense; and behold, one thousand copies went off in three weeks. To "go off" is a technical expression, ambiguous to a public acquainted with fish and artillery. Mr. Cooke's volume went off like the latter.

On this experience of Mr. Cooke (which seems to astonish him) one or two remarks may be made. In the first place, the best-known publishers employ professional men of letters to read for them; and it would be interesting to know what different kind of creature Mr. Cooke sought in the reader for the Incorporated Society: an amateur perhaps. Secondly, it has yet to be proved that Mr. Cooke's is a good book, and until this is done the readers have a fair plea. The common reproach is that they neglect true merit and keep their eye on market value. To complain that in this case they were blind to the market value of "Four Years in Parliament," is, until the literary worth of the book be established, very like beating them with two sticks.

Yet Mr. Cooke has ground for complaint. Speaking as an author I wish the critics would make haste and found that Club they talk about: and I would suggest that on the opening day they call a meeting and solemnly inquire into the limits of their usefulness. As regards Literature, for instance, it might be pointed out to them that all writers apply a certain treatment to a certain subject. Of any writer's *treatment* they have a high professional right to judge: but on his *subject* (which must be some form or aspect of life) they have just as much right to talk as the man in the street, and no more. I assume the man in the street to be alive.

The critics are very angry because a word of praise from Mr. Gladstone will help the sale of a novel. "What," they ask, "does Mr. Gladstone know about the novelist's craft?" Well, let us grant that he knows nothing about it. (It is rash to lay finger on any subject and say that Mr. Gladstone knows nothing about it; but the admission in this case will do no harm.) Every novel takes some aspect of life for its subject: and life is a matter upon which Mr. Gladstone may speak with some authority. He has lived a long and a particularly full one; and his interest in human affairs has always been immense. He is, therefore, eminently well qualified to speak on a novelist's subject. He is a sort of apotheosised man-in-the-street. And it will be observed that he seldom, or never, drops a word on the author's technical skill: he leaves that, very properly, to the critics.

In fact, we have never yet possessed a professional critic who knew how to hold his tongue in reviewing a novel. Nor have we realised, as yet, how very unimportant is the technical part of authorship. I have a book before me that will in half an hour set the literary workman up for life.

It is called "The Author's Manual: a Complete and Practical Guide to All Branches of Literary Work;" and has just been put forth by a Mr. Percy Russell (Digby & Long), who thinks it may be as well to point out that this, as far as he is aware, "is the *only* Manual comprehending *all* departments of professional literature, from paragraph writing to the production of a book." In other words, it really is a Complete Guide, as the sub-title proclaims.

As a matter of fact it is more. It is (quite incidentally) a storehouse of valuable remarks on the Universe and its ways. Here, for instance, are *obiter dicta* on

(1) *Ethics.* "One golden rule to be observed in all stages of the literary life is, be honest and do your best."—*p. 12.*

"War is sometimes dreadfully justifiable."—*p. 172.*

(2) *History.* "The comic and humorous press are ancient as Aristophanes, who employed the stage in place of a printing press."—*p. 92.* (Which is as if one said the invention of printing was ancient as Herodotus, who knew nothing about it, but wrote on waxen tablets.)

(3) *Criticism.* "Byron, in spite of the splenetic and jealous attack of Swinburne, who does not raise himself one poetic foot by trying to depress the author of 'Childe Harold,' is a great master of the art of making the rhyme tell."—*p. 173.*

(4) *Anthropology.* "By the way, turning to Canon Bell's work, 'A Winter on the Nile,' . . . it is worthy of note that the result of *his* personal investigations of the remaining relics of ancient Egypt goes to show that in the early grandeur and high mental attainments of the ancient Egyptians, we have an actual witness *against* the theory —for it is *only* a theory—of the evolution of man, as suggested by Haeckel and others of his school. The truth is that evolution is wholly *speculative*."

The reader will have observed the striking use of the *nominativus pendens* in the last paragraph; also Mr. Russell's love of italics; also he will find such curious wild-fowl as "view-point," and a "painting, indeed, is the real passigraphy" in Mr. Russell's own style, which was carefully acquired with the aid of the "Imperial Dictionary": we have Mr. Russell's word for it. But perhaps he will be anxious for a specimen of the direct teaching given in the "Complete Guide." Here, then, is a recipe for a novelist's "local colour":—"All Bohn's antiquarian library

should be examined, and in such a work as Borlase's 'Natural History of Cornwall' will be found quite enough to furnish an apt writer with all the background for a Cornish story."

I do not wish to be offensive: but it has been my lot to know something of Cornwall, and I pray that I may catch one of Mr. Russell's pupils at it.

But Mr. Russell, as befits a Complete Guide, is ready for anything, from the "par" to the sonnet ("I fancy that anybody capable of writing *poetry* adapted to the comprehension of the ordinary reader would meet with quite as much success now as in the days when Moore received £3,000 for 'Lalla Rookh'"), and from the novel ("a good writer can produce at least two fictions a year") back to "hints, texts, and suggestions for such headings as *Chat*, *Gossip*, *Notes*, *Talk of the Day*, *Entre Nous*, *En Passant*, etc."

Here, for instance, is the recipe for a paragraph extracted from Mr. Russell's confessions:—"I once became connected with a good evening journal by writing notes of the day on current foreign and colonial news thus-wise: If I saw a telegram from some little-known part of the world, I looked up the place in a cyclopædia, and tacked on to the news a few lines giving, in the fewest and most picturesque words, some interesting historic, physical, or generally interesting facts about the place, and making it harmonious with the intelligence conveyed. . . . I read that ivory was likely to 'go up.' I at once sat down and wrote a few lines stating that the late sale prices had advanced, and then drifted into the following, which was duly published:—

"Ivory was once the name given to the main substance of the teeth of all animals, but now it is properly restricted to that modification of *dentine* which, in transverse sections, exhibits lines of different colours running in circular arcs and forming lozenge-shaped spaces. By this true ivory is distinguished from all other tooth substances and from bone counterfeits. It is curious that the teeth of the elephant alone possess the proper signs of pure ivory, although such animals as the walrus and hippopotamus have teeth and horns of such density as to approximate to true ivory. The best comes from the tusks of the African elephant, and Herr Holtzapffel states that in Northern Siberia he found fossil elephant tusks of 186 lbs. weight. From remote antiquity elephant tusks have constituted an important article of commerce, and mention of these is often made in the Old Testament. With the ancient Greeks ivory was an important material, and Phidias, the great sculptor, made his famous Olympian Jupiter (*sic*) entirely from this costly material. The art of working ivory is of Oriental origin," etc., etc.

An examination of this sample and one or two others will at once show, says Mr. Russell complacently, that such writing is "within the capacity of anyone able to write at all." But, for that matter, blank verse comes just as easy to the teacher, who, however, admits that, to be acceptable, it "must be very, very *good*" (like the little girl Who had a little curl Right in the middle of her forehead); and as for Fiction, we shall all be able to do it on our heads, so to speak, after consulting the "Complete Guide." Why, Mr. Russell throws off a crude idea (the expression is his own) of a "true epic novel of the times" which shall employ as many as half a dozen writers in the writing (p. 210). On another page he provides, with a wave of his pen, an entirely new field for novelists: "It has ever seemed to me"—the dog has known all about it from his cradle—"that a fine field exists for those writers who will deal with their hero and heroine during married life, and take the reader completely into the confidence of home life from its most interior standpoint."

These be "prave orts" (especially "most interior"), but there are braver on the page where Mr. Russell conjures up a whole story of adventure from a paper on Kaiser-Wilhelm-Land read before the Geographical Society in Berlin. The forts in Kaiser-Wilhelm-Land "are remarkable, in which, during war with a neighbour, the women and children are kept in safety. They are made in the tops of trees, some 120 to 160 feet high, and are reached by very shaky steps or ladders. Surely in this last brief statement is the text for more than one tale of peril, of horror, and, perhaps, of devotion unto death. I roughly sketch here simply outlines of what may be done. . . . . Those who *have* a faculty for narrative will, I am sure, find many useful hints here, and those who do not may conclude thence that, as yet, at all events, tales of adventure are not exactly in their literary way."

It is bare justice to add that Mr. Russell insists many times on the uselessness of his teaching unless incessant pains be taken by his disciples. But he seems too modest. He has made "technics" appear so easy of acquisition that I see little risk in proclaiming the decease of criticism.

Q. C.

REVIEWS.

CLIVE: STATESMAN AND SOLDIER.

LORD CLIVE. By Colonel Sir Charles Wilson. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

SIR CHARLES WILSON has succeeded in a very difficult task. It requires some courage to follow the steps of Lord Macaulay in his brilliant biographies of the two great founders of the British Rule in India. In such attempts we recognise all the most striking passages as echoes, more or less faint, from the two memorable Essays. Nor is it easy to make sufficient allowance for the general toning down of style which the sober treatment of our day demands. Yet we think that no careful student of Indian history will rise from the perusal of Sir Charles Wilson's little volume, without feeling that the story of Clive's life-work has here been told with a fulness and fairness, and with a desire to get at the truth, which are wanting in Macaulay's attractive narrative.

It is high time that the unhesitating verdicts of Macaulay on Indian men and events, pronounced with all the valour of imperfect knowledge, should be deliberately passed under review. His swift sentence on Warren Hastings has perpetuated during the past half-century something of the wrong inflicted by partisan invective and political calumny a hundred years ago. With a generation of natives growing up in India, keenly critical of their rulers, and not unwilling to believe the statements which Englishmen themselves make against our Indian Government, that Government has been much to blame for delaying to render the official records of what really has taken place in India available to the historian. It is only very slowly that the truth has leaked out about Warren Hastings. The tardy publication of the Council minutes of his administration has, within the past three months, placed beyond doubt the injustice done to his memory, and given fresh proof of the impolicy of so long withholding the official records from the public. In the case of Lord Clive even this tardy redress has not yet been granted. The present biography by Sir Charles Wilson adds little to the materials, chiefly contained in Orme, which Macaulay had before him in 1840. But Sir Charles Wilson uses those materials with a sense of responsibility not always disclosed in Macaulay's epigrammatic pages. He also brings to his task a practical acquaintance with military operations, which exhibits certain of the principal events in Clive's career in a new and more accurate light. We would especially commend Sir Charles Wilson's description of the final attack on Arcot. In Macaulay it forms the climax of a magnificent frenzy of fanaticism. Colonel Wilson's tactical description is as follows:—

"Four columns advanced to the attack. Two tried to force open the gates by employing elephants with iron plates on their heads a

battering-rams, but the huge beasts, galled by the musketry fire from the fort, turned and, charging the advancing columns, threw them into disorder. The remaining columns attempted to storm the two breaches. The assailants crossed the ditch and crowded into the unfinished *fausse-braie* and the breaches. The defenders reserved their fire until the stormers reached the ditches of the retrenchments, and then delivered it with crushing effect. Hand-grenades and shells previously prepared were rolled over the parapet into the surging crowds in the *fausse-braie*, while the supports as they advanced were met by a heavy fire of musketry and artillery. Clive himself at a critical moment laid one of the field-pieces with his own hands and sank a raft on which the enemy were crossing the ditch. After an hour's struggle the enemy were repulsed at every point, and the shattered columns slowly withdrew to the adjacent houses, whence they kept up a harassing fire against the fort. Suddenly the firing ceased. The enemy had hurriedly decamped, leaving guns, ammunition, and treasure-chest behind, and when daylight broke two hundred unconquered soldiers, who had survived the perils of the siege, marched out to reap the fruits of victory."

Sir Charles Wilson's conception of the Battle of Plassey, and of the circumstances which rendered an action unavoidable at that precise geographical position, is not so clear. The strategic necessities could only be explained by a knowledge of the local topography; and this does not seem to have formed part of the materials from which Colonel Wilson has worked. But surely he must be aware that Clive's own despatch to the Secret Committee, written three days after the battle, has been dug out of the India Office Records, and has been utilised, since Lord Macaulay painted his wonderful word-picture of the fight. Macaulay's Homeric description of the contending chiefs, sleepless on the night before the battle, is superseded by Clive's brief and matter-of-fact details. But it is due to Sir Charles Wilson to state that his narrative of the continuous series of operations, in which Plassey only forms a striking episode, is full of instruction. Sir Charles has withstood the temptation of setting his hero perpetually in the foreground, and he allows their proper share of glory to the skilful, but scarcely known, officers by whom Bengal was gradually placed at the disposal of the East India Company.

Admirable, however, as are the military sections in this book, its highest excellence is, in our opinion, the clear and truthful presentment of Clive as a statesman rather than as a soldier. The Clive of Macaulay is the hero of subalterns. The real Clive of history was a man who only used force to compel terms which could not be obtained by diplomacy. It was these great civil qualities of the victor of Plassey that enabled him to convert a single battle into the beginning of a new era of Indian history. The Field of Panipat a few years afterwards witnessed a far more crushing defeat by another conqueror on a much greater scale. But Panipat only postponed for a few years the pre-existing course of events. It is Clive's special glory that he so controlled events as to render his victory the dominant factor in the whole future course of Indian policy. We regret that space precludes us from quoting some of the many admirable passages in which Sir Charles Wilson gradually works out this aspect of Clive's character. Strange as it may sound to the ordinary English reader, Clive was a man who really believed that he had a mission. "It pleased God," he said on one occasion, "to make me the instrument of their (the Company's) delivery." He clearly grasped the fact that the government of the vast territories which he had acquired was a task beyond the powers of a trading corporation. He desired that the Crown should itself assume the responsibilities which, exactly a century after Plassey, it tardily accepted. As this view did not find favour with British statesmen in his day, he took upon himself the heavy task of elevating the handful of greedy factors and mercantile clerks in Bengal into a body of administrators, diplomatists, and rulers.

That there are blots on Clive's career, and one great stain of political forgery which can never be effaced, no truthful biographer will deny. The true Clive, however, is not the Clive of the fictitious treaty; but a resolute Englishman of quick temper, dogged determination, scrupulous touching his personal honour, clear-sighted as to the results of his public actions, guided in his diplomatic relations by a desire to do righteously, yet believing himself justified on occasion in stooping to the arts and devices of those with whom he had to struggle for the very existence of the British in Bengal. Colonel Wilson's book conveys the impression of a praiseworthy desire on the part of the writer to state the unvarnished facts, whether they make for, or against, his hero. We are bound to add that this re-examination of the facts tends to raise Clive's reputation, to make us realise the true greatness of the man, and to stir within us a genuine but not uncritical sympathy for him in the difficulties which he encountered and overcame.

In taking leave of Sir Charles Wilson's excellent volume, we venture to correct an historical misapprehension from which he does not seem quite able to free himself. Macaulay's theory of the political ferment in India, during the middle of the last century, still dominates the popular conceptions of the period. But the real process did not resemble so much the seething upheavals of vegetable fermentation, as a deliberately planned struggle for the Mughal Empire by certain well-defined and powerfully organised military races. "The Moslem nobility," of whom Colonel Wilson rather vaguely speaks, were not really competitors even at the first, and by the middle of the last century they had practically made way for two more vigorous claimants. One of these great claimants was the fresh hordes of warlike Muhammadan peoples from beyond the North-Western frontier. The other great competitor was the Hindu confederation of the Maráthás. At the time when Clive appeared on the scene, the Maráthás were the really conquering race throughout India. In spite of their defeat at Panipat, in 1761, by the Afghans from beyond the North-Western frontier, the Maráthás still remained the dominant military race in India. They were only crushed after three protracted struggles with the British, ending with the third Maráthá war in 1817. Macaulay's "Ferment Hypothesis" obscures the character of the great conflict for empire among the races of India and of Central Asia—the Hindus on the one side and the Muhammadans on the other—from the reign of Aurangzebe to the Governor-Generalship of the Earl of Moira. It has led to such misapprehensions as that contained in the opening sentence of the present book—"When, at the close of the seventeenth century, Aurangzebe was holding court at Delhi, all India was subject to his will." As a matter of fact, Aurangzebe was not holding his court at Delhi at the close of the seventeenth century. All India was not subject to his will. He was grappling in a death struggle with the Maráthás in Southern India—the struggle in which his armies dwindled away, his provinces were plundered and overrun, and he himself brought his reign of fifty years to a disastrous close. Until the Ferment Theory of Indian history in the last century is finally abandoned, and the true character of the great conflict of races for the Mughal Empire is clearly set forth, neither the grounds which guided the British diplomacy, nor the overruling causes which led to the British conquest of India, will be properly understood. It would, however, be unfair to expect a brief biography of the class before us to re-write Indian history. And with this little protest we take leave of a book, the perusal of which has given us no ordinary amount of instruction and pleasure.

ELIZABETHAN IRELAND.

WITH ESSEX IN IRELAND. Being Extracts from a Diary kept in Ireland during the year 1599 by Mr. Henry Harvey, sometime secretary to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. With a Preface by John Oliver Maddox, M.A. Introduced and edited by Hon. Emily Lawless. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1890.

IT is not easy to fix the point of view from which this book should be criticised. It is not a work of fiction, in the proper sense, for it makes no pretence to unity, design, or plot. It can hardly be called a study of character—we see just enough of the inner

nature of Miss Lawless's Essex to make us feel that she could have given us such a study had she chosen to do so. Still less is it a contribution to history—Miss Lawless's Essex is not the Essex of whom we know that he had a treasonable understanding with James of Scotland, and can hardly doubt that he had one with O'Neill; while dramatic propriety seems inconsistent with Essex's choice of a private secretary and intimate friend so completely in the dark about his political plans as Mr. Henry Harvey. As a portrayal of the scenes and incidents which might have been witnessed by a companion of Essex in his military progress through Leinster and Munster, Miss Lawless's book has the charm of treatment, of execution, which could not fail to attach to any work of hers; but from her we have a right to demand more than this, and she has given us very little more. Essex is whitewashed, for no artistic purpose, but apparently from a mere sentimental liking for whitewash; while of the Irish inhabitants of Ireland we are shown scarcely anything, save a confused crowd of ragged kernes, hovering on the verge of their forest fastnesses.

Like most writers on Ireland, Miss Lawless has dipped her pen in hues of Tartarean gloom. In the Elizabethan age the secular anguish of Ireland reached, perhaps, the severest stage through which it has ever passed; but even then one cannot believe that the country was really that vast place of Dreadful Night which it appears to be in most modern accounts. In this, as in other respects, the shortcomings of Miss Lawless's book are best seen if we place it beside another recent study of the same epoch, "The Captivity of Red Hugh," by Mr. Standish O'Grady. Mr. O'Grady's book has extravagances and irregularities, which contrast badly with Miss Lawless's careful composition, but in qualities of more essential moment the advantages of the contrast are all the other way. Under Mr. O'Grady's vivid sketches of character and episode we are made to perceive, as Mr. Henry Harvey does not attempt to make us perceive, the real forces which were at war in Elizabethan Ireland, and the real issues for which they contended. Above all, Mr. O'Grady has shown that it is possible for a competent historian, without extenuating any of the horrors of the time, to write of Elizabethan Ireland as a credible piece of the daylight world, and not as a province of Tartarus.

But the Tartarean conception of Ireland has taken such possession of Miss Lawless's mind that it has even seemed natural to her to people the country with denizens who add a touch of supernatural horror to the gloom of the picture. This feature of the book seems to us a serious blemish from the artistic point of view. It utterly destroys the illusion, otherwise well kept up, that we have before us a record of the actual observations of a companion of Essex. Miss Lawless's apparitions are distinctly literary products, and are not nearly unaccountable enough to be credible. In another sense they are too unaccountable. Had Essex himself been revealed to us as a more profound and potent personality, this supernatural element in Miss Lawless's book might have had more æsthetic justification than it has; but as it is, we feel a want of inward appropriateness in the portents and warnings which attend a career only saved by a kind of weak impetuosity from being entirely commonplace both in purpose and achievement. The "Grey Washer of the Ford," we may add—a mythical creation not, perhaps, so well known as she ought to be from Ferguson's fine poem "Congal"—is clearly in an uncongenial atmosphere when she leaves the wonderland of Celtic legend to terrify the secretary of an Elizabethan Viceroy.

Mr. Henry Harvey's finest descriptive power is applied to the record of his supernatural experiences, but we prefer to quote his narration of an actual incident, which took place on Essex's return journey from his Munster expedition, as an example of the power and spirit with which he wields the English of Shakespeare and Spenser. After an engagement near Arklow, in which the Irish were repulsed,

> The pursuit being at length over, towards four of the clock one of the chiefs, called the O'Connor Faly, sent a follower to his Lordship to crave permission to speak with him about conditions. The same came to us at Arklow, where his Excellency had just entered a house. Whom, when the officers without perceived, they would have cut him down. But his Lordship, hearing of his coming, gave orders that he should be allowed to enter; which he did, and came forward clad in the Irish dress, with woollen trews of a striped pattern, his *bratt* about his shoulders, his arms bare, wearing a lip-beard, his forelocks long, and hanging over his eyes in a tangled mass. A larger-bodied man I have rarely seen, nor one of a more dour aspect, rising over six feet in height, and standing there (though alone, his friends newly dispersed, and himself surrounded by so many gleaming swords which ached to find themselves in his vitals), with a look as haughty and a carriage as dauntless as though we had been his vassals, and he our Prince and Better.
>
> Finding that he knew no English, an interpreter was sent for to inquire his errand, whereupon he told us that this O'Connor Faly craved to speak with the Lord-Lieutenant, but only on condition of a safe-conduct to come and go. To which his Excellency replied that if O'Connor Faly came as a repentant rebel, without arms, offering himself in absolute submission to her Majesty, he might do so, and have a safe-conduct; but that if he came in other guise, or for any other purpose, he should have none; and that as for the next messenger, he would be hanged. This being repeated in Irish to the man, he replied haughtily, in his own tongue, that O'Connor Faly would come in no such way, nor for any such purpose; and, so saying, turned himself round, and strode resolutely out of the house. At which some of the younger captains standing by would have gone after him and cut him down, but his Excellency forbade it, and so the man got clear away.

It is, perhaps, not altogether hypercritical to notice that the chief who sent this emissary to Essex was not O'Connor Faly, but Phelim mac Feagh O'Byrne, son of the famous chief of Glenmalure. He was then fresh from his striking victory over Harrington near Wicklow. The history of this chief is a curious illustration of the rapidity with which the feudal order was then passing away. His mother had been burned for treason in Dublin Castle, his father's head had been spiked over the gates; he himself, after figuring as we have seen during the expedition of Essex, submitted to Mountjoy, and emerges into the light of modern day as a member of Parliament for his county, while his brother Raymond was made a Justice of the Peace! But his repentance availed him little. Dublin Castle had one kind of weapon for the rebellious, another for the submissive Celt. His estates were confiscated upon evidence manufactured *ad hoc* by torture and subornation. He was ultimately cleared, but never could recover his lands; and obscurity and extinction soon overtook the dauntless race which had so long forced every garrison of the Pale to hold sleepless watch for the flash of the spears of Glenmalure.

Miss Lawless has had an ample foundation for her imaginary journal, both in the narrative of John Dymmok and in the official Journal of Essex's Irish expedition, which was kept with considerable fulness of detail, and is extant in the State Papers. There are, however, some errors in her narrative which it is worth while to call attention to. Feagh mac Hugh's head could not, it would seem, have been noticed by Henry Harvey on Dublin Castle. It had been brought to England long before, and was buried near Enfield; so Mr. Bagwell has discovered, from the Hatfield MSS. Again, the Marshal of Ireland, who was defeated by O'Neill at the famous battle of the Yellow Ford, was not Sir Richard but Sir Henry Bagenal (p. 41). The name is correctly given in Miss Lawless's History of Ireland. A much graver error is the attribution to Essex of the humane views upon the starvation policy which are put into his mouth on pp. 241, 242. He had himself urged this very policy upon the Queen—the country was to be so "burned and spoyled" that the rebels should be starved out "in one yeere"—and had even given instructions to the President of Munster for the starvation of that province. Another very misleading utterance is put into his mouth on his receiving the news of the ignominious defeat of Clifford at the Curlews:—

> "Some demon sure must overhang this land and all that come into it, else 't could never arrive that a noble knight and an accomplished captain should be overcome by a crew of rogues, and halter-

sacks, without for the most part shoe to foot, coat to back, or knowledge and understanding of arms!"

This is positively ridiculous. Essex had met only light-armed Kernes in Munster, but even of these he writes (in the letter from which we have quoted above—it is given in Moryson's "Itinerary") that they had both "better bodies and perfecter use of their armes than the men which your Majestie sends over." And he must have known that the soldiery of O'Donnell would be perfectly well equipped. At the Curlews they were greatly outnumbered by the Queen's forces, which they defeated.

For reasons sufficiently indicated, we do not think that this book ought to add to the reputation of the author of "Hurrish." Taken as a whole, it is neither excellent history nor fiction. At the same time it has descriptions of Irish scenery, and episodes, stirring or pathetic, of Irish warfare, which are rendered with all, and more than all, the felicity and poetic insight which Miss Lawless's previous works gave reason to expect in this.

A POET AMID REVOLUTION.

PENDANT LA TERREUR. LE POÈTE ROUCHER, 1745—1794. Paris: Antoine Guillois. 1890.

ROUCHER, although a delicate spirit, was not a great poet. He aspired to be an imitator of Thomson, and Thomson does not hold a very high place in English literature. He was a close observer of nature and the months. A deliberate copy of the "Seasons" is a fair specimen of that gentle poetry, half didactic and half reflective, which had more attraction for our ancestors than it has for ourselves. But Roucher's fame, like many better things, has been obscured by the Revolution. The interest of these six-and-twenty years which followed the meeting of the States General is so absorbing that we only now begin to realise the efforts which preceded it. Among the causes of the Revolution may be reckoned the philosophy of Voltaire and Rousseau, the speculations of Say and Turgot, and the frivolity of the Court. But besides this over-strength and over-weakness, the culture of centuries had produced its natural results. The refined art of Louis XVI., which is so attractive to many after the lapse of a hundred years, has its counterpart in the writings of scholars and poets, and, above all, in a perfection of family life, which contrast strongly with the rude horrors of the Terror. Roucher combined enthusiasm for humanity and a belief in political ideals with the tenderest affection and the sweetest spirit of resignation. His life, or at least the close of it, awakens sympathy which his writings cannot rouse. We turn from his verses to his letters written from prison, from the familiar tortures of the Conciergerie to the sweet savour of innocent suffering, not rare in those days, but seldom so attractively expressed. The piety of his son and daughter and of his more remote attendants has brought together all that they could recover of Roucher's correspondence; and this has been enriched by the diligence of Monsieur Guillois, whose book is before us. He lays it as a funeral garland on the tomb of a blameless man of letters, and it is well worth the contemplation of posterity. Roucher hailed with enthusiasm the first appearance of the Revolution. He was esteemed as an economist. He translated Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." He hoped for the regeneration of society, the destruction of arbitrary government, economy in the finances, equality before the law, independence of thought, the realisation of the beautiful and the good. He became a member of the Moderate Society of '89; but he transferred his talents to the Jacobins. He gradually found himself unable to follow his more intemperate associates. His first breach was with Cabanis, who threatened to thrash him and to throw him into the basin of the Tuileries. This was followed by a quarrel with Danton, and eventually with the whole of the Girondists. Still less was he likely to agree with Collot d'Herbois and Robespierre. He struggled with André Chénier in the *Journal de Paris* in a polemic against extreme opinions. The tenth of August finally decided the conflict against them. The office of their paper was sacked, their presses broken, and the sheets confiscated. Roucher retired from the struggle. He devoted himself to the education of his daughter and the study of botany. He contrived to escape the massacres of September; but he could not elude the vigilance of Fouquier Tinville. He was arrested in October, 1793, and confined in the prison of Sainte Pelagie.

Here begins the short evening of his life, the most attractive portion of his career to us who know his secrets. His imprisonment in Sainte Pelagie lasted nearly four months, and was at first mild enough. He was locked up in his cell from eight in the evening till the same time next morning, and spent the day in walking up and down a corridor a hundred feet by four with fifty other prisoners. His chief trouble was the dirty companion who shared his cell. Still he worked, ate, and slept during the same hours as at home. Shortly afterwards he was allotted a cell to himself. He paints it in rose colour, but his daughter realised its horrors when she visited it. His chief delight was to follow the education of this daughter, Eulalie, who was absorbed in literary culture. To warn her against envy he tells her an amusing story of Talleyrand. One day Madame de Staël was protesting to him that though he liked her sufficiently well, he preferred Madame de Flahout. Talleyrand defended himself as best he could. Corinne pressed him hardly, and said at last, "Now confess, if we were in a sinking boat, you would save her before me." The bishop was embarrassed and silent, but replied at length, "Perhaps; but you look as if you could swim better." Eulalie is to spend her day thus:—Two hours drawing, one hour of English, and an hour of French; then, in the afternoon, half an hour of Italian, followed by her correspondence with her father. He recommends the study of Prior, but warns her against Werther.

The prisoners used to invite each other to their cells; they exchanged under these sad conditions books, drawings, and epigrams. The painter, Robert, who had been imprisoned for losing his ticket of citizenship, enlivened them by the work of his pencil.

Roucher writes to his daughter at three o'clock in the morning the following account of his removal to Saint Lazare:—"An hour ago I was suddenly awakened by a loud noise in the corridors and a shaking of the doors. 'Citizen this here! citizen that there! Come quick, quick, get up; Saint Lazare, get up; pass the wickets where you see the light.' I get up. I first arrange my writing case, my treasure, where your letters are, my dear daughter. I pack up my books in my little trunk; I write four lines to mamma to inform her of what has happened; and at last I am ready. The door is opened. Three magistrates of the people enter, preceded by two torches shining with a resinous and smoky flame. 'What is your name?' 'Roucher.' 'Have you been here long?' 'Four months all but nine days.' They examine three lists. Good. 'John Anthony Roucher, man of letters.' 'It is I.' 'They are going to transfer you; prepare yourself.' 'I am ready.' They go out and pass to the other cells. The door of mine is closed, and I can again occupy myself agreeably writing this general removal by night. I open my writing case again, resume my letter, and write this narrative, which records every moment of my life. They tell us that the waggons are waiting; we shall see. When I have arrived at the place of my destination, I will resume the history of my day." He then proceeds to discuss at considerable length the proper translation of a passage in the Georgics.

At St. Lazare Roucher found a purer air and a larger space, but he had not a cell to himself: he was obliged to eat at a common table and pay heavily for a poor fare. He was soon joined by André Chénier, the companion of his struggles in the

Journal de Paris, who was never afterwards to quit him. The suspicion of their gaolers soon began to make them more uncomfortable. They were forbidden to receive food from outside, and to use Italian or English in their letters. These severities were due to a conspiracy of the lower corridor against the Convention. As a consolation, Roucher was allowed to have with him as a companion his son Emile, a child of five years old, whose innocent prattling disarmed all severity. He was a great favourite in the ladies' corridor. He had as playthings a rabbit, a sparrow, and a monkey.

This comparative happiness was spoilt by new rigour: communications between the several corridors was forbidden. Each cell was scrupulously searched. Even Émile's playthings were confiscated. Roucher was threatened with the removal of his son, a threat which afterwards took effect. All lights in the cells were forbidden; the prisoners had to sleep and sup in darkness. A little later all communication with the external world was stopped. Five days after the departure of the child he was transferred with Chénier to the Conciergerie. They occupied the same cell. They went through a mock trial before the infamous Fouquier Tinville. Two hours after their condemnation they were led out to execution. The passage from the Conciergerie to the Barrière de la Déchéance lasted an hour. Roucher was compelled during forty-five minutes to see the axe of the guillotine fall thirty-five times. He kept his courage to the end, and avoiding the crowd, fixed his eyes on the Avenue which led to Vincennes, seeing perhaps a vision of the future triumph of that liberty which he had loved so long and so well, and in whose cause he suffered.

AN OLD FOUNDATION.

THE HISTORY OF DULWICH COLLEGE, DOWN TO THE PASSING OF THE ACT OF PARLIAMENT DISSOLVING THE ORIGINAL CORPORATION, 28TH AUGUST, 1857; WITH A LIFE OF THE FOUNDER, EDWARD ALLEYN, AND AN ACCURATE TRANSCRIPT OF HIS DIARY, 1617—1622. By William Young. With numerous illustrations. Two vols. London: T. B. Bumpus.

IT is not often a successful actor is content to exchange the applause of the crowd for the pleasure of the country, but Edward Alleyn—of whose munificent foundation at Dulwich this work forms a most comprehensive history—though admittedly at the time of his retirement the Roscius of the age, was alive to the fact that a veteran may linger too long upon the stage, and at the age of fifty he retired from the boards, and devoted the remainder of his days to deeds of charity and the promotion of education among the groves of Dulwich. Born in 1566 in the parish of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, Alleyn spent the first years of his life in the streets and lanes of the city. When quite young he developed a decided taste for the profession in which he was destined to win the highest honours, and after having served an apprenticeship in the art of acting, he made his *début* at Leicester in the year 1583-4. From this time his success as an actor became more and more assured, and he subsequently laid a still more substantial foundation for his fortune by marrying, in 1592, the daughter of Philip Henslowe, who had become Groom of the Chamber to Queen Elizabeth.

It is not clear when Alleyn first entertained the idea of founding the College. But we are told that he laid the foundations in 1613 and set up the gates in 1616. For its administration he framed very full and definite statutes, a copy of which will be found in the present work. These provided that the staff of the College should consist of a Master, a Warden, and four Fellows, whose duty it was to see that twelve poor persons from the parishes of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, St. Giles, Cripplegate, St. Saviour, Southwark, and Camberwell, were clothed and fed; and that twelve poor scholars from the same parishes were taught "good and sound learning, wryting, reading, grammar, musique, and good manners." In addition to these scholars, boys from Dulwich were to be admitted as "foreigners" on payment of a two-shilling entrance fee, and sixpence a quarter towards paying for "broomes and rods."

When first launched, the scheme offered such overwhelming advantages to all concerned that it was difficult to imagine that any friction could arise in carrying out its provisions. The site of the College was on the well-wooded slopes of the Surrey hills; the building was commodious; the staff was well paid; the inmates were amply provided for; and it seemed therefore that peace and quiet would be the natural product of so much comfort and plenty. But it is a law of nature that the beneficiaries of a charity should never be contented. They readily imbibe the opinion that one good turn on the part of the founder deserves many more from the same source, and Alleyn had no sooner filled his almshouses than discontent, quarrelling, and back-biting broke out among the inmates. Nor was the staff any more harmoniously inclined. By the statutes it was decreed that the Master, Warden, and Fellows were to be unmarried, and any lapse into the marriage state was to be punished by dismissal. This regulation seems to have had the effect of prompting a desire to break it. Constant charges were brought against members of the staff of having secretly taken to themselves wives, and much contradictory evidence was sworn in support and in refutation of the several accusations. This, however, was only one of the provoking causes of the disquiet which reigned at the College. We find on one occasion (Vol. I., p. 174), that the Master complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was the visitor of the College, "that the schoolmaster hath a curateship in London, and is absent two or three dayes; that the fellowes combine together and grant each other leave of absence, and then in voting they combine so as to outvote the Master and Warden; that the inhabitants' children ought to be taught freely, paying only for entrance, and two shillings a year, which the schoolmaster refuses unless he is also paid; a caterer cheated the Colledge, and the Master gave orders that he should goe noe more to markett. The fellowes in the Master's absence voted that he should, and the same day he ran away with the money, £3; that Mr. Mawde called the Master a knave, and an arrant cheating knave."

This is a specimen of the complaints which were constantly brought to the notice of the Archbishop down to the year 1857, when, most fortunately in the general interest, the Charity Commissioners came forward with a scheme for the reformation of the endowment. They swept away all the abuses which had in a large measure choked up the fountain of Alleyn's charity, and put new vitality into the corporation, which had become effete and lifeless. The change which their action has effected in the course of the last thirty years is little short of marvellous. When they opened their inquiry, the revenues were in a great measure frittered away; the staff was curiously unprovided with work; and there were only ten boys in the school. At the present time the expenditure of every penny of the income, which amounts to about £22,000 a year, is most carefully scrutinised; the Warden and Fellows have disappeared, leaving only a Master and a Chaplain, who probably do more work in a day than the old staff did in a twelvemonth; the old College has been exchanged for a large and handsome building in harmony with the improved condition of the school, and the ten boys have become six hundred.

It very commonly happens that existing endowments attract others. At Dulwich this has eminently been the case. Inspired probably by the example of his namesake, James Allen, one of the masters, devised (1741) to the College certain properties in Kensington for the endowment of a school for the poor boys and girls of Dulwich. This endowment shared in the general revival of 1857, and at the present time provides a most efficient education for

upwards of three hundred girls, who, under the revised scheme, are the sole recipients of the Founder's bounty. The example of Edward Alleyn was no less zealously followed in another direction. During his lifetime he presented a number of pictures to the College, and thus laid the foundation of a collection which is second only in England to that preserved at the National Gallery. It cannot, however, be said that Alleyn's pictures were of much value. The bulk of the paintings which have made Dulwich so rich in works of the old masters were collected by M. Desenfans at the end of the last century. This collection had been originally made by Desenfans at the bidding of Stanislaus, King of Poland, who had intended that it should have formed the nucleus of a National Gallery at Warsaw. But the subsequent misfortunes which overtook the king, ending in the dismemberment of his kingdom, put an end to the design, and on his death, in 1798, his pictures were left in the possession of the collector. By Desenfans the pictures were bequeathed to his friend Sir Francis Bourgeois, who in his turn bequeathed them to the College, together with his own collection and a sum of £12,000 to provide for the maintenance of the Gallery.

On all these subjects Mr. Young's work is full of most valuable information. It is a perfect store-house of original documents on the subject of the College and its neighbourhood, one of the most interesting of which is the founder's diary between the years 1617-1622. By the light of its pages we can see what manner of man Edward Alleyn was. He was deeply imbued with religious feeling; he was given to hospitality; a firm friend; and a careful man of business. "This day (Sept. 1, 1619) is my birthday," he writes, "and I am now full 53 yeares owld, blessed be ye Lord God, ye giver of lyfe. Amen." On all the church festivals "ye pore dind and supt" with him. On other occasions his guests contributed towards the feasts, as appears to have been the habit of the time. His accounts were most minutely kept, and every item of expenditure was carefully entered.

We cannot close this notice without expressing our appreciation of the conscientious labour which Mr. Young has expended on his work. Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated. The volumes are handsomely printed, and the illustrations are faithful reproductions of the most interesting of the contemporary prints and drawings of the College and the village of Dulwich which are still extant.

A LANGUAGE IN EMBRYO.

THE OREGON TRADE LANGUAGE; OR, CHINOOK JARGON. By Horatio Hale, M.A. London: Whittaker. 1890.

PSYCHOLOGISTS are accustomed to wish that it were possible to obtain a record of the progress of an infant's mind during the first twelve or sixteen months of its existence, before speech begins, to enable it to reveal its ideas to others, for a knowledge of this progress would settle many of the questions which have most occupied and divided the wise. So philologists may regard with interest the beginnings of a language, even when that language is a mere composite jargon, a sort of conglomerate formed by fragments of different strata swept down together and consolidated under pressure into a durable form. This little volume by Mr. Horatio Hale gives a short but instructive and interesting account of such a language, which, after some sixty or seventy years of growth, took its present, and apparently its permanent, shape fifteen or twenty years ago. Its history resembles in some points that of the "pigeon English" of China, but is more curious, because the contributory sources are in the present case more numerous.

Early in this century, the traders frequenting the Columbia River in Oregon, and the coast to the north as far as Nootka Sound, began to use in their intercourse with the natives a few nouns drawn from two or three of the Indian languages of the coast. They did not, as has been the case in some other parts of the world, learn any one Indian language and make it a *lingua franca* such as Italian used to be and French is now becoming in the Eastern Mediterranean, or Swaheli in East Africa, for the Indian tongues differ very greatly among themselves, and each of them is spoken over a very limited area. By degrees, certain French words found their way in from the mouths of Canadian voyageurs, and some other words were created by onomatopœia, or accidentally, as when the word *pelton* was taken to mean "silly" or "foolish," because the Indians at Astoria were surprised by the behaviour of a poor lunatic who happened to bear that as his surname. Thus there grew up a vocabulary, which in 1863 comprised about five hundred words, of which the Chinook language furnished nearly one-half, viz., 221; French, 94; English, 67; the Indian Salish or Flathead dialects, 37; and the Nootka dialects, 24; the balance being the result of onomatopœia, or of some chance. Of course many French and English words have been so much altered in pronunciation as to be scarcely recognisable, for the coast Indians can pronounce neither "f" nor "r," and modify several other sounds. The grammar is Chinook in its type; and, as may be supposed, very simple, having retained only the outlines of its original character. There are no inflections, no plural, no article, only one preposition, and only two conjunctions; *pe*, formed from the French *puis*, used to mean "and," "but," "or," "then"; and *spose* or *pos*, for a contraction of the English "suppose," used to mean "if."

The genitive or possessive case in nouns is expressed by the position of the principal to the dependent noun. Tenses are generally left to be inferred from the context, but sometimes the sense is eked out by an adverb, while to form the future, a word meaning wish or desire may be added as a sort of auxiliary. The verb "to be" is not used, the mere juxtaposition of the other words being sufficient, as *hyas oleman mika house* ("much old thy house"). The personal pronouns become possessive when prefixed to nouns—thus, *miku*, "thou," is also "thine." There is no relative pronoun: sometimes it is understood from the form of the sentence, sometimes the interrogative fills its place.

It may be thought that a language with only 478 words, which is the number we find in the present vocabulary (that given in another dictionary of the language which we possess, published in British Columbia in 1877, being 503), must be wholly inadequate to deal with any other than the commonest ideas and relations and needs of daily life. We are told, however, that it can do a good deal more than the apparent paucity of words would indicate. It has a great power of combination, and can by forming compound words largely expand its capabilities. For instance, *hyas pusspuss* (lit. "much cat") is "panther"; *hyu house* (lit. "many houses") is "town"; *cole snan* ("cold rain") is "snow." It possesses in the verb *mamook* ("to make or cause") the means of expressing many ideas for which no appropriate single words exist. Thus *mamook kumtuks* ("make know") denotes "to teach"; *mamook popo* (lit. "make blow") is to "fire a gun"; *mamook kloshe* ("to make good") can be made to mean "repair," "adorn," "heal."

The author of this sketch adds a curious detail. "In the Jargon a good deal is expressed by the tone of voice, the look and the gesture of the speaker. The Indians in general—contrary to what seems to be a common opinion—are very sparing of their gesticulations. No languages, probably, require less assistance from this source than theirs. Every circumstance and qualification of their thought are expressed in their speech with a minuteness which, to those accustomed only to the languages of Europe, appears exaggerated and idle—as much so as the forms of the German and the Latin may seem to the Chinese. We frequently had occasion to observe

the sudden change produced when a party of natives, who had been conversing in their own tongue, were joined by a foreigner with whom it was necessary to speak in the Jargon. The countenances which had before been grave, stolid, and inexpressive, were instantly lighted up with animation; the low, monotonous tone became lively and modulated; every feature was active, the head, the arms, and the whole body were in motion, and every look and gesture became instinct with meaning."

The Jargon, which grew up chiefly in Northern Oregon along the banks of the great Columbia River, is now no longer needed there, for the Indians have almost disappeared from a thoroughly Americanised region. But it still serves as the great medium of communication between white men and natives along the coasts of British Columbia and Alaska, and seems likely to thrive there for generations to come. This little volume contains some curious specimens of simple native ditties which have sprung up in it, and of hymns which have been composed in it by the missionaries, to whose labours we owe much of what is known of the ethnology and folk-lore of these regions. Its capabilities for serious prose may be judged by a missionary sermon, of which an interlinear translation is given, and in which a good deal of narrative and exhortation is lucidly given, though only ninety-seven words in all are used, of which sixty-five are Indian, twenty-three English, seven French, and two the special property of the Jargon.

THREE NOVELS.

1. The Moment After: a Tale of the Unseen. By Robert Buchanan. London: William Heinemann. 1890.
2. In Low Relief: a Bohemian Transcript. By Morley Roberts. Two Volumes. London: Chapman & Hall. 1890.
3. Emily Stretton: or, Did she Redeem It? London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1890.

THE man of whose experiences in another world we read in "The Moment After," was the proprietor of some marine stores, and a money lender, and middle-aged. This does not seem weird or even romantic, but it is not all. To his two more commonplace trades he added "a certain empirical skill in preparing drugs which men and women of the nautical class found mysteriously effective;" no one knew anything of his antecedents; his hair was black, he had "a complexion of spectral pallor," and his hands were wax-like; he was an Italian by birth; and he committed two murders. These latter details are much more promising; we feel there is, after all, the requisite glamour about the man. This is just the kind of man, we are sure, to have mysterious supernatural experiences, suitable for publication. We believe that the least romantic men and women have souls; but we could not read the adventures of their souls with the same sympathy, we could not lend ourself to the illusion as completely as in this case. Spectral pallor, and plenty of it, is what is really wanted in a story of this kind.

Mr. Buchanan is a poet and a writer of plays. In the subject which he has chosen we see at times his fine imagination and wonderful descriptive power at their best, and there are forcible and dramatic scenes in the book. Few living authors could have imagined and written the narrative of Maurizio Modena as Mr. Buchanan has imagined and written it in two chapters of this book. The audacity of part of it may seem to some to be irreverent; but irreverence is very much a matter of intention, and it is obvious that here no irreverence is intended. In one point this narrative of Modena's experiences is especially artistic—it suits equally well the explanation of the materialistic doctor or that of the chaplain. The uncertainty and mystery which are proper to such a subject are never dispelled. In another chapter, a description of an execution, more might have been left to the imagination. The details are a mistake. Mr. Buchanan wished, perhaps, to inspire a feeling of horror; in an author of tragical stories such a wish is meritorious. Yet it may be doubted if the description here is as horrible as the last chapter but one of "Oliver Twist," although Dickens stopped short at "the hideous apparatus of death." If on the other hand Mr. Buchanan's purpose was polemical—we have known him to be polemical at times—it is a pity that he should have allowed his dislike of the system of capital punishment to obscure his judgment in other respects. But the chief fault of this book is one to which we made some allusion in our opening paragraph, Mr. Buchanan writes with one eye on the gallery. There are certain phrases and formulæ which are popularly connected with stories of mystery and romance; the use of them is a mere trick, and to a critical reader a very irritating trick. There is far too much of this literary limelight in "The Moment After;" it spoils passages which otherwise would have been good and original work.

To some this story may seem morbid; the taste of parts of it is questionable; but it is never dull. In this respect it differs from "A Dead Man's Diary." "The Moment After" is as interesting as any of Mr. Buchanan's previous novels.

"In Low Relief" is a really clever and charming story. The plot is simple enough. Mary Morris, a model, was on friendly terms with a little colony of artists living near Haverstock Hill. One of these, Paul Armour, was devoted to his work, and thought marriage would be a hindrance to it; he was not a vain man, but Mary Morris was constantly coming to his studio, and, wishing to free himself from responsibility, he told her that he was engaged, which was not true. Torrington, a friend of these artists, who occupied himself by failing in the profession of authorship, met Mary Morris and fell very much in love with her. He had treated her with great kindness; she had no one to advise her; she would give him no definite answer. The reason for her hesitation may be, perhaps, guessed. In the meantime Paul Armour himself had fallen in love with Mary Morris, in spite of his judicial determination not to do anything of the kind. It would not be fair to the story to tell the conclusion, although its chief strength does not lie in its plot—in that, indeed, most readers will find weak points—but in the method of treatment. To commence with, the author shows a full and accurate knowledge of the Bohemian life which is described; the analysis of character is distinctly clever, and Torrington is a striking and vivid sketch. On almost every page there is something—a touch of humour, a happy expression, or a careful regard of telling detail—to mark this as the work of no ordinary novelist; the dialogue is bright and natural; and, lastly, the author shows throughout good taste and thorough self-restraint.

If fault is to be found with the book, it must be found with its construction. It would have been better if it had been shorter. Mary Morris keeps Torrington so long in suspense, that we are in danger of thinking of her unkindly; she is on the whole such a perfectly charming heroine, that we are sorry that she allowed the exigencies of two volumes to influence her.

It is not possible to give very high praise to "Emily Stretton"; the story is too sketchy and unfinished. But it is not entirely without promise. Mrs. Egreville and Ganton are both life-like characters, and more than one chapter in the book is amusing enough. The headings to the chapters are almost too explicit. Here is one of them:—

> "Emily determines to claim the fortune for her son, even though this will necessitate her going into the witness-box and confessing her bigamy."

With such a heading, the chapter itself really becomes almost superfluous. The story is not particularly well written; the author is given to sentences of inordinate length and clumsiness. It is not a probable story, and it is sometimes very dull. The sense of humour and the knowledge of character which are to be found in the best chapters redeem the book, however, from being absolutely bad.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE author of "Modern Thought and Modern Thinkers," while only professing to have supplied explanatory sketches on subjects generally discussed, if not generally understood, has managed to compile a very interesting as well as useful manual of religious ethics. Dealing briefly with every form of faith, the writer also discusses the most prominent critics of Biblical teachings, and without regarding the orthodoxy of their views, carefully weighs their claims to consideration, himself maintaining a strict neutrality throughout, making no attempt to bias his readers in any one direction, nor to advance his own theories. The doctrine that "there are no dead" is touched on lightly, though in this case also no opinion is offered as to whether spiritualism be actual communication between the seen and the unseen, or only the sign of a disordered fancy if not of deliberate imposture. It is surely a triumph for the Theosophists that their new creed is bracketed here with the ancient one of Buddha, and this latter-day faith appears based on more comfortable grounds than the Pessimism which pervades most Eastern thought. A short history of Madame Blavatsky is told with rather amusing dispassion; but those who only know of Keshab C'Andra Sen as the father of the pretty Maharani of Kuch Behar, who lately visited England, will scarcely realise from the few sentences with which he is described, how great a power he was in India during his lifetime, how deeply his influence is felt, nor how reverently his memory is cherished by those he converted to his tenets. While making clear to the less intelligent what might not have been easily understood had they attempted without his aid to study Realism, Idealism, Positivism, and Evolution, Mr. Charles also gives short biographical notices of the men who founded the different schools; and of these the one on Comte is most complete, though all are comprehensive. It is a graphic account of the man's public career from his youth, when he was pupil, as well as secretary, to Saint-Simon, the leader of French Socialism, to the time he became conscious of his own strength and himself turned teacher; and it tells us something of his inner life. The book is certainly a success in that it justifies the reason of its existence and supplies a want which must have been much felt. It contains a great deal of information simply and pleasantly given.

The two first volumes of the Theological Library represent two great crises of ecclesiastical history. In Cyprian's time the Western idea of the Church was taking definite shape—a number of communities ruled by bishops, and together forming a single visible body outside which there is no salvation. Cyprian himself, by his masterful government of Carthage, and his resistance to the Novatians, did not a little to promote his view. This time the chief question was political; but it became historical long before the sack of Rome by Alaric in Augustine's time. The calamity made an immense impression. It was impossible that the great Power which had overshadowed the world for centuries should fall without seeming to drag the whole order of nature after it to ruin. But if Rome fell, what then? Was the outlook one of blank despair? This is the question discussed in Augustine's "City of God." He begins by pointing out that Christian influences had mitigated some of the worst horrors of the capture. His main thesis, however, is that the Roman Empire rested on no such decree of fate as the heathens imagined, but was a mere episode in the building of the City of God, whose foundations and completion are not of this world. Thus his work becomes a scheme of universal history, and was accepted as such in the Middle Ages. The present editions are reprints, the Cyprian having been published in 1840, the Augustine "Englished by J. H." in 1610. Whoever J. H. may be, his translation is good and readable, and needs no further criticism. The Cyprian is a careful account of his life and times, written from an old-fashioned High Church point of view, and therefore uncritical and indiscriminately panegyrical. Thus he accepts without hesitation every story told against Novatian, however unlikely it may be. He never seems to see that purity is worth aiming at as well as unity, or that, if the Puritan is not the wisest of men, there is still something to be said for him. Those, however, who can make allowance for little narrownesses of this sort will find in Mr. Poole a faithful and not ungenial guide through—or at least over the surface of—a subject which is full of interest.

Mr. Jeremiah Lynch's sixteen sketches of Egyptian life make pleasant reading for a summer afternoon. Mr. Lynch is a clear-headed American who fell under the spell of the land of Ammon-Ra, and his observations on things Eastern have the *naïveté*, and not too much of the irreverence, that distinguish American travellers. Cairene manners, a voyage up the Nile, the condition of the fellaheen, the many problems of the Pyramids, are the subjects that Mr. Lynch discusses freshly and good-temperedly. Indeed, there are only two things that excite his anger: first, that Sir Evelyn Baring permitted the rock casing of the third Pyramid to be carried off for the building of a ten-shilling-a-day hotel; and second, that the United States deals so meanly with its representatives. The latter is an old and a just complaint. "I would not be an American consul for a good deal," says our author; "it is a most disagreeable position. The salary is always small, usually about one-half that paid to their colleagues of the Great Powers. . . . He must have private resources of his own, or run into debt. It is unworthy of a great nation." The two chapters on the English in Egypt are the ones which will have the most interest for our readers. Mr. Lynch has a very good opinion of the British Administration, its reforms, stern economy, and just dealing, and is decidedly of opinion that we have come to stay. "To my mind if [the English] are going to keep India they must also possess Egypt. Egypt is not so valuable, but it is quite essential to the preservation of India. . . . If the Canal were shut to English and opened to hostile vessels, what might not happen?" Mr. Lynch has hit the right nail on the head, but in driving home the argument to the Continental mind we shall use a different hammer.

It is with great pleasure that we turn the pages of Mr. Lang's essays on folk-lore, rendered into elegant French, and forming a volume of the "Collection Internationale de la Tradition." We have here sound learning and excellent scholarship; and it is alike pleasant and interesting to find Mr. Lang's neat English phrases turned into a language which does not indeed suit them better, but in which they are, unhappily, more natural and more common. Six volumes of the series have appeared, and eleven more are promised; among them we look forward especially to three—"Les Prières Populaires," "Les Traditions Populaires dans la Divine Comédie," and "Serpents et Dragons." The volumes of the series are small, and they are pretty; this one contains one hundred and six pages, and there is an interesting preface by M. Émile Blémont.

The "Climber's Guide" is a very handy little book, covering the range from the Col Ferret on the west to the Col de St. Theodule on the east; the author's plan being to add a second volume for the Pennine masses east of the Theodule, including Monte Rosa and the Saas Grat, and another for the Mont Blanc group. The price (10s.) is certainly high for a duodecimo of 156 pages, but as the sale of guide-books intended for climbers rather than for mere tourists is small, it may be that no lower price would be remunerative. A good deal of useful information is packed into this space. An idea of what has been done in the way of exploring this region may be formed by comparing the number of routes to the summits of peaks or even passes given here with those in the first edition of Ball's Alpine Guide. Fully seven-eighths of the first ascents have been made by Englishmen. Mr. Conway's descriptions are usually clear and always concise. Sometimes he omits pieces of advice as to choice of routes which our own recollections lead us to think might have been useful; but he has evidently studied compression above all things; and he writes for men who are assumed to have some knowledge of mountaineering. His times are estimated from the pace of fast walkers, and would astonish the slow though steady walkers of Germany.

Thirty years have elapsed since Dr. de Fivas first published his "Grammaire des Grammaires," a book which won instant recognition, and which has kept—as this fifty-first edition shows—the popularity which it so quickly won. There are many excellent French grammars now in the field, but for all that there is little fear that this capital school-book will be superseded, for the method adopted by Dr. de Fivas for instilling a knowledge of the language is both simple and sound. The volume contains numerous exercises and examples illustrative of every rule, whilst the edition of a succinct history and etymology of the French language greatly increases the practical utility of a deservedly popular work.

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* MODERN THOUGHT AND MODERN THINKERS. London: Relfe Brothers. 1890.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN LIBRARY OF THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE. (1) "The Life and Times of St. Cyprian." By Geo. Ayliffe Poole. (2) "The City of God (De Civitate Dei)." Written by St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. A Translation into English by J. H., first published in 1610. Vol. I. London: Griffith, Farran & Co.

EGYPTIAN SKETCHES. By Jeremiah Lynch. London: Arnold. 1890.

ETUDES TRADITIONNISTES. Par Andrew Lang. Paris: J. Maisonneuve.

CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO THE CENTRAL PENNINE ALPS. By Wm. Martin Conway. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

GRAMMAIRE DES GRAMMAIRES. By Dr. V. de Fivas, M.A., F.E.I.S. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son, 7, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

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